



PRESENTED
BY THE
BOOK
COMMITTEE
OF THE
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS OF
PHILADELPHIA
AND VICINITY

302 ARCH ST





Dan B. Smith

QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES

SERIES II

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONCERNING CERTAIN
MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I.

FOR SALE AT FRIENDS' BOOK STORE

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COMMITTEE" OF PHILADELPHIA YEARLY
MEETING OF FRIENDS.

INTRODUCTION

In 1909 the "Book Committee" of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting issued a series of five volumes under the caption, Quaker Biographies. They started the series, naturally, with the worthies of the Seventeenth Century, George Fox, William Penn, Isaac Penington, Robert Barclay, and had well nigh exhausted the space and the financial support allotted them before reaching modern times; two or three sketches of Friends of quite modern date were all that could be included in the compilation.

The series met with considerable demand; the books have been widely read and much appreciation has been expressed, both at the time of publication and since, of the effort put forth by the authors and editor of the work.

At that time and periodically ever since, there has been the request from many that a series of sketches of more modern Friends should be compiled. More than a year ago the task was begun with considerable zest. There were found those who were willing to enter upon it, (to many of them an untried field). The work of composition and revision was completed a few months since, and the manuscript handed to the printers early in the past summer.

Only one of the characters of the series dates back to the early days of our Society, that of Rachel Wilson. We have included her in the list for these four reasons; so little has been published concerning her, she vitally influenced the early growth of Quakerism in the American Colonies, the devotion she displayed to the call of duty, in opposition often times to great odds, and finally because her life still bears rich fruit in her direct successors.

It may seem to some, who scan the table of contents of the five new volumes, that we have been especially partial to the school teachers and the college professors. We probably have been; first, because we have ourselves felt the impress of their example more than that of any other Friends who have crossed our paths, and second, because the intimate relations we have had with them have given us a deeper insight into the motives that actuated them. We need offer no excuse for the choice we have made. There are few callings in life that can take precedence of that of the teacher for the opportunities it offers, in a natural way, of moulding character.

As a Religious Society, Friends have tried to lay the minimum of stress on the organization feature, nevertheless they desire to be ready always to give "a reason for the faith that is in them." Where shall we look for readers in these days, who will follow us into the philosophy

of belief, except as it be presented first in a well-told biographical sketch of one who was a veritable exponent of the faith we wish them to accept by conviction?

We have purposely drawn our characters from a wide range of territory. Certain ones have been passed by, because those of their immediate families, who knew them best, felt that their lives offered so little of incident that the reader's interest could not be reached; others again are too close to us in time, we knew them personally such a short while ago, that their life's story can be better told in a series that may follow later. There are two cases in which we have signally failed, though through no fault on the part of the editors or of those who were willing and competent to compile the sketches or of members of the family most closely identified. In these two cases important memoranda, journals and other papers essential to a fair treatment, were missing, and for the time being, at least, the work had to be postponed.

Of this we feel assured; there will be many who will feel grateful that we have gathered from this quarter and from that, these pictures, almost ready to fade from the memory of the oldest among us, have grouped them together and given them the air of permanency that they had not had before.

EDITORS.

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DANIEL B. SMITH
1792-1883

*“Enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and
prepare thyself to the search of their fathers:
Shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and
utter words out of their heart?”*

JOB VIII, verses 8 and 10.

*“View all creation, for thine eye can view,
And hark! soft the music of the spheres!
This beauteous whole, to Heaven’s own purpose
true,
From jarring elements its fabric rears;
Man only breaks the tie that him endears
To fellow man: through Nature’s ample space
All, all is peace; the blazing comet veers
In silence on, nor spurns his destined place,
Man, man alone is curst, alone destroys his
race.”*

Written by D. B. S. in contemplation of the
ravages of war.

*“We are all blessed with a sense of right and
wrong and with the warnings and consolations
of that Holy Spirit Who is the appointed Guide
of life.”*

Written by D. B. S. in 1880 to a beloved
grandson who died in early manhood.

DANIEL B. SMITH

DANIEL B. SMITH, once a well-known member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, was born in that city, on Seventh Month, fourteenth, 1792, of a long line of Quaker ancestry.

On the paternal side he was descended, in the eighth generation, from William Smith of Bramham, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, who held his lands directly from the Crown. On the earliest Register of Bramham Church, is found the name of Richard Smith, son of William, who was baptized in 1593.

Richard Smith, 2nd, of Bramham, grandson of William, very early became a convert to the doctrines of the "Friends of Truth," afterwards shortened to "Friends." In 1650 he wrote a tract on the presence of the Holy Spirit, as a Guide in each heart. Daniel Smith, son of Richard Smith, 2nd, emigrated to America with three of his brothers in 1691, and settled in Burlington, N. J. He was one of the Proprietors of West Jersey, sat for several years in the Assembly of West Jersey for the city of Burlington, and was appointed in 1771, "Surveyor General of the

Lands in the Western Division of the said Colony giving and hereby Granting unto him, the said Daniel Smith, full Power and Authority to do and perform all and every Duty and Duties to the said Office belonging—". "He was an Elder in good estimation in the Religious Society of Friends and was of benevolent and exemplary conduct in the various relations of private life." Two more generations, Robert Smith and Daniel, bring us to Benjamin Smith, the father of the subject of our sketch.

Benjamin Smith was a merchant in Philadelphia, associated with Samuel Emlen under the firm name of Smith and Emlen. They were importers of British goods. In 1789 he was married to Deborah Morris, daughter of William and Margaret Morris. The paternal ancestor of Deborah Morris was Anthony Morris, of London, called "the Mariner." His son Anthony Morris, 2nd, was baptized in St. Dunstan's Church, Stepney, in 1654. He became a member of the Religious Society of Friends, emigrated to America and was the progenitor of a large family in Philadelphia, where he settled. The mother of Deborah Morris was a daughter of Dr. Richard Hill, who spent about twenty years of his life in the island of Madeira. They were a remarkable family, also Friends, whose history has been

told in their letters to each other, arranged by John Jay Smith, he, too, being a grandson of Margaret Hill Morris. Only four years afterwards, in 1793, during one of the fatal epidemics of yellow fever, Benjamin Smith died of the disease, leaving his widow with two children. The younger of these was Daniel B. Smith, who was then little more than one year old.

The widow's means were very slender and she soon left Philadelphia and returned to Burlington, New Jersey, where, among her husband's and her own relations, she brought up her children. Burlington at that time was remarkable, as it contained a group of cultivated people who furnished a most delightful atmosphere in which to live. It always had a place in the affections of Daniel B. Smith quite different from any other, which is shown by the following extract from a letter written in 1878: "People mostly talk of Burlington as a dull, sleepy place—to me it is full of memories of a most delightful childhood—of friends who formed and fashioned my character, and who were the links between me and a generation that was then passed or passing away. To me, my grandfather, whose name I bear, my grandmother Morris, my uncle George Dillwyn, John Cox, my mother, aunt Gulielma Smith, Samuel and Susan Emlen were

all that boy could hope or ask to have of noble character and gentle affections—”

Daniel B. Smith attended the Preparative Meeting school in Burlington, which was then kept by Dr. John Griscom; it had so good a reputation that pupils came to it from some of the southern States. Young Daniel was so much of a favorite with Doctor Griscom, that he wished him to be his companion on a tour to Europe which he made in 1818-1819. The plan, however, could not be carried out.

The contemporaries with whom Daniel and his sister were the most intimate, were the children of their mother's sister, Gulielma Morris Smith, who were doubly related to them, their fathers being cousins.

Daniel B. Smith determined on the studies of chemistry and pharmacy, and about the year 1809 moved to Philadelphia on account of the larger opportunities offered by the city. He became an apprentice to John Biddle, on Market St., who was a much respected apothecary. He worked for John Biddle until he was twenty-one, when he was for a short time a partner, the firm being Biddle and Smith. In 1820 he opened a drug store of his own, at the corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., where he was joined in business in 1828 by a young Englishman, a Friend, William

Hodgson, Jr., from the shop of John Bell, London. Under the name of Smith and Hodgson, for some twenty years, they conducted one of the most successful drug houses in the country. It was then sold out. For a few years after this Daniel B. Smith was engaged in business, exclusively as a manufacturing chemist, his partners being Henry Pemberton, of Philadelphia, and his son, Benjamin R. Smith. The firm, Smith and Pemberton, located on Gray's Ferry Road, devoted their attention to making red prussiate of potash, then an experiment, which has since been most successfully done. They succeeded in making it in small quantities in the laboratory, but were unable to produce it on a commercial scale, and the business failed. It was the last business in which Daniel B. Smith was engaged and it has interrupted the chronological order of our story.

During the years from 1809-1817 he carried on a correspondence with Margaret Hill Smith, one of the group of cousins alluded to above, which tells us all that we know of his life in the city at this time.

1809. "—I neither devote myself to Pharmacy, though in an Apothecary's Shop, nor to Politics, though I live in Philadelphia. The fact is I read whatever I meet with, and a catalogue of what I have perused would be a mere Hodge-Podge,

a Farrago of inspired verse and stupid Prose.— I employ myself spreading plaisters, selling drugs and lounging about the Shop where thee will find me at any time with the productions of every quarter of the globe, and at thy most humble service—.”

In 1810, we read: “—Yearly Meeting week passed away and found me diligent in attendance and totally neglectful of business; as it was the first I had ever attended I was highly interested and amused. I cannot help viewing it as the first assembly in the world, in point of harmony, sublimity and sound judgment—‘Josey’ and ‘Hodge’ make so many shrewd, simple speeches that one is diverted as well as edified—”

A year later there is the following: “—We hope to see all good zealous Friends from among you at the meeting. Such is the propensity even of unregenerate Quakers to the vanities of this world, that our festivities, few and moderate as they are, afford abundant matter for shew and pomp. Were good George Fox to rise from his ashes and take a peep at the inside of Arch St. Meeting House as it will probably appear tomorrow week, would he not think he had gotten among a nation of heathens? What would be his feelings were he to get inside the houses of even high professing Friends? And who can

conceive the pang were he to witness what the very overseers of marriages so politely report to the meeting as good order and sobriety? Alas! Alas! my dear cousin I fear that neither thee nor I will ever have the independence of mind to wear linsey and check as it was worn five hundred years ago and tread on prejudice and false honor and pride, and be humble withal.—”

Later we read: “—Our Annual Solemnity comes so early this year and will be here so soon that I do not expect to be in Burlington before it takes place.—The meeting I reckon will be unusually large. ‘Josey’ and ‘Katy’ will be coming from furthestmost Jersey to see the Peace and buy bargains and I have no doubt think the Philadelphians are growing richer than ever now there’s Peace.—”

That young Daniel missed the freedom of the country life in Burlington is quite evident. He says:— “Here I am pent up with brick and plaster in a place vocal to no music but the din of ten thousand drays and clamorous tongues and the vile scraping and grinding of fiddles and hand organs, where the only part of the visible horizon that is not shut out by the three story houses is your own happy Jersey, seen through the market house, and the glorious effulgence of the setting and rising sun; even here the balmy

zephyrs and serene skies that usher in the Goddess can awake hope and joy in my breast. I should love to possess a 'paternal lot' that I might till in peace and content; there is an independence, a lofty spirit of honor, a frankness and a simplicity of character attached, in my opinion, to the condition of an American farmer, that I would give the world to own—* * * "I should love, as I have often told you (I believe), to have a community, an exclusive circle of true hearts; we should banish distrust and envy and care, we should know her not."

The relations between Doctor Griscom and his former scholar were always close and pleasant as shown by the following: "I sometimes receive a full feast of reason, animated with the warmest flow of soul from my old preceptor and now and then a very entertaining dish of news, criticism and friendship from L. Murray; there are two or three other acquaintances who once in a while take it into their heads to write to me, but it is only my Burlington letters that completely gratify me; no flattery, Madam, I would not undervalue my good tutor, he treats me like a son and with all the confidence and familiarity of an equal, and I could safely tell him the very few secrets that I care about keeping, but with all his friendship he is a shrewd calculating man and

immersed in books and chemistry, I must talk to him a little on his own strain and make my bow to his professorship with a little more gravity and circumspection than becomes one addressed to your ladyship, I like those things and dearly too in their places.—”

Two, especially, of the young men whom Daniel saw the most in the city were always his warm friends. These were Lloyd Mifflin, who part of the time boarded in the same house, and Henry Cope. All three spent their last years in Germantown and so were able to keep close together. Lloyd Mifflin left no family, but with that of Henry Cope, to the second and third generation, the close tie continued.

To a young man of the tastes which these letters show, one can see that a business life would not appeal. He says: “—labor and anxiety I do not mind, the first is the condition of men and the second suits the gloomy temper of my soul, but then to think that I must bid adieu to so many of what I consider (as) the real ornaments of life, and so much of what is our noblest nature, almost staggers my determination to dig and delve in Mammon’s dirty mine.”

Very likely the knowledge of the scanty means of his mother during his childhood was an incen-

tive to Daniel to work harder than his own inclination would have prompted. That his mother was solicitous about his business is shown by this ending to one of her few letters: "Adieu my beloved son; may thou be blest in all thy endeavors to obtain an honest livelihood is my sincere desire for thee, and forget not that where the treasure is there will the heart be also. May thine be fixed on durable riches that fade not and can never be taken away is the sincere desire of thy affectionate Mother, D. C."

Daniel also missed extremely the intimate circle of friends and cousins in which he had been brought up in Burlington. In one letter we find: "—Your gay careless fellows that can trifle and be at ease anywhere are the only ones fit to live in cities. Half the pleasure that I have in large companies is in seeing how happy such as these are. For my own part I am such a miserable bungler at trifling that I feel ridiculous whenever I attempt it and without some talent at it one does not enjoy mixed companies. This is one of the evils of living alone as I do; another one, or, rather this in a different shape, is the habit of sermonizing I have gotten into."

After boarding in several places it is easy to imagine the joy of young Daniel when his aunt and her family decided to leave Burlington and

make their home in Philadelphia, when they asked him to make one of the family.

The following are also messages from his mother, now the second wife of Isaac Collins, and still living in Burlington. "I feel the separation from thee more and more every day. I trust that whenever it is right, a change will take place; at present I believe this to be mine and that thou art in thy proper place, which reconciles me to it." It must be remembered that Burlington, although in our day it seems very near to Philadelphia, was then unconnected with it either by locomotive or steamboat. It is hard for us to think back to such conditions when the telegraph, telephone and ever-present automobile, have brought all the world so much closer together.

In the *Recollections of John Jay Smith*, he gives the following description of this trip. "We made the trip from Burlington to Philadelphia occasionally, on board the packet 'Mayflower', a very small sloop owned and commanded by old Captain Myers. He depended much upon the tide, as well as on the wind. When circumstances were so far favorable that the one ran and the other blew in the direction of Philadelphia, sail was set, and the half dozen passengers who had been watching vanes and studying their

almanacs, gathered on board, and, if wise and provident, fortified with a basket of provisions. If the wind continued to be favorable, Philadelphia was reached in four or five hours; but lamentable was our condition if it did not; for when the tide turned we came to anchor, and passed the night on board in little, dirty bunks. The soiled sheets served for successive passengers, without being often washed.

“I particularly recollect one such night, when, fortunately for us, we had reached the old Bake-House, now Morgan’s place eight miles above Philadelphia, just as night set in. Captain Myers, with some reluctance, allowed two men to row my brother Richard ashore to buy candles, of which he kept none on board. They returned with a few dips of the worst kind, a bundle of fresh crackers and some gingerbread, for all were very hungry, having at the outset depended on what the Captain always promised, a ‘quick trip.’ At noon next day we were landed at Arch Street wharf. For this service our short, squatty little captain was satisfied to receive a quarter of a dollar.

“He consulted not only the tides and winds, but his own convenience. As he held a monopoly of all the trade, and collected his own freights on barrels of mackerel and store and country

goods, he was never ready to begin his perilous voyage at the proper time. Many were the weary hours we passed on the deserted wharf of the main street, looking out in the distance for the first appearance of the expected packet; and when she did heave in sight, if the wind lulled or the tide turned, it was only hope deferred." This description allows us to read between the lines of Deborah Collins; "—It seems very long since we have heard from any of you. The winter has commenced earlier than usual of later years. Of course we must look for a longer one. The river being frozen over seems to make the distance from our dear family in Philadelphia further than ever and we want to hear of their welfare much oftener than we are favored to."

One who was in the city was liable to have all sorts of commissions to attend to for those at home. We find that Daniel looked out for the mending of umbrellas, making of shoes and the sending of all kinds of miscellaneous articles including ink, powder, wine and birds: "which I hope understand the art of flying better than your old ones, they look pretty well and I feel quite a longing to pull some of their feathers."

The most frequent sendings mentioned in the letters, however, are those of books. There are

also many comments on the books that have been read.

“—Is thee almost ready to write in French? I should suppose thee would find some difficulty in procuring good books. The best writers are rather scarce but I believe that there are a few in your library. I wish thee could get a Molière—the articles of our discipline would prescribe him, but his scenes are the most irresistibly funny, laughable and amusing of anything I ever read. I never saw vice and folly painted in such ridiculous colors. There is little doubt but he is the first comic play writer that ever wrote, thee would be delighted with Racine and with Boileau too if thee likes Pope.”

“I think as thee does of Campbell. His ‘Pleasures of Hope’ is the most charming poem, so varied, so vigorous and so fanciful, it is like a wilderness of beauty, there are some passages that struck me as almost unequalled.”

“Have you seen Cumberland’s posthumous poem which is just published here? I have not read it, but from some extracts published lately in the news papers it seems to be written with warmth and elegance; he was a fine old man, but I doubt whether many of his works will last; amid such a vast profusion of authors as the English have produced, but few will last as long as

the language. Posterity will not have time to read many and the rest will, of course, be forgotten."

"Hanway seems to have been an industrious and pious man, but Oh! that he had read in Hudibras that 'brevity is very good.' He is famous too for writing quartos. I do suspect that a very common book 'Sanford and Merton' has done more good than twenty grave treatises, for if the curiosity and interest of your pupil are not excited you may labor in vain.

"If thee is not tired of the name of Walter Scott, the following proof of what somebody said of old, 'there is no honor at home', may please thee. Edinburgh is usually considered as the first literary city in the world. A young man who is in one of my friend's counting houses lately spent a few weeks there; on his return he was asked what they said there of Walter Scott. 'Walter Scott?' 'Yes, the celebrated poet Scott, the author of the Lady of the Lake and Marmion'. 'Oh, the Lady of the Lake, I saw that lying on the windows at one or two places where I was, but I never heard of Walter Scott before.'

"Has thee read Comus yet? If thee has not thee has much pleasure in store; besides the Lady it is almost the only poem in the language where an interesting story is adorned with all the

powers of imagination, and where the author does not flag. The first words prepossess our favor, we are hurried on with scarcely an interval from beauty to beauty, and it is not till the last line, though not so strikingly as in the *Lady*, that the enchantment is broken. I have subscribed to the *Review* and send you the numbers that are published. If thee should be as much delighted with them as I am, thee will think well of thy bargain. The style is not highly polished—but it is lofty and nervous, a fine glow of moral enthusiasm pervades the whole and his political views are sound and philosophical. I like him too for speaking so highly of Dugald Stewart and the *Edinburgh Reviewers*.”

“Have you seen Lord Byron’s book, what I humbly think a fine poem. I could shake him fervently by the hand for dwelling with such intensity of delight on the thrilling charms of Nature; there is some of the finest landscape painting in it I recollect to have seen; this and his apostrophes to Greece and Fame and a few other scattered passages make amends for the desultory manner in which his hero skips about and for some abominable prose in the shape of rhyme and for still viler satire. I think I never read poetry conceived in more solemn energy of despair and anguish than at the end of the volume.”

“Pray how does thee like My Lord Bacon? Is it not strange that his want of economy, prudence and principle (about which he reasons so wisely) should have rendered him the meanest as he was the ‘wisest of mankind’? Perhaps there has never lived a man more lavishly gifted by nature, of more eagle-eyed discernment, more unbiased strength of intellect, of loftier conceptions and such boldness and originality of mind; the father of philosophy he was still, in common life, but base and undeserving.”

“I hope your wines may turn out fine and shall pride myself on having helped to make them. By the way would it not be advisable to take a peep at my bottle; I fear it has not body enough to preserve it rich for three long years to come. I send the last number of the *Analectic Magazine*, which is not very interesting, though there are some good things in it. Thee will be amused I think by the attempts to increase the majesty of Milton by dressing him in prose, just about as successful as most attempts to versify Scripture. The calm and sequestered dignity of literary retirement, the mild and gentle virtue of domestic life, and the unobtrusive happiness of the country, have a charm to my soul, that surpasses all the glare and splendour of busier scenes. That is the haven for which I am steer-

ing, and in which, at no distant day, I hope to moor my vessel."

It was common in those days, as in ours also, for young people to try their hands at writing poetry, in which both Daniel and his cousin indulged. He says, in 1812, "My best bow for thy compliments; we poets, since you have dubbed me one of the ragged brotherhood, are agreed to despise the 'Solid Pudding' provided we can share of the 'empty praise' and, thanks to Apollo, never ask whether friendship or merit or good nature extort the meed."

"To be good and virtuous is certainly within the reach of us all, but to be happy, pleased and pleasing seems to me to be not art but nature. It is not a faculty of the mind, but the effect of a happy organization of those faculties; it is like a beautiful picture, its power of pleasing does not reside solely in the beauty of the coloring, figures, or shading or attitude, but it is the skill with which all these beauties are blended together and inspired by the hand of the master, 'the force and joint effect of all.' So neither wit, animal spirits, fancy, kindness of heart or strength of reason constitute happiness, it is most frequently the degree in which education blends these that determines the happiness we enjoy, I mean that gives the clear sunshine of the soul

which no clouds of misfortune can long obscure——.”

Daniel was at first not at all anxious to join the ranks of the Benedicts, which is shown by the following: “—this Hymen is a malicious being, no sooner does he behold a knot of happy united mortals, enjoying life and society without a jealous, corroding pang, than he selfishly selects, one by one, the fairest of the flock and turns them adrift down another current of the great stream of life in search of new and untried pleasures and surrounded with strange and, perchance, odious companions.”

These views, however, did not long persist, for we soon find; “—there is another consideration that you may think queer and old-bachelor like, I am afraid that my yearnings after a good and quiet home will urge me into matrimony too soon. Now I am for doing the thing ‘in the fulness of time’; I don’t mean at forty, but after long and intimate acquaintance and deliberate reflection.” A number of young girls are mentioned, from time to time, as they are met, and Daniel seems to have had much pleasure in their society.

In 1813, after he had been in the city for four years, we find the first mention of one, who at once attracted him in an unusual degree, and eventually won his deepest devotion, which never

wavered in the vicissitudes of life. "Did the Dr. tell you of an evening we passed together in Front Street with Friend Morton,* whom he calls 'the Finest Lady in America' and her daughter whom I have half a mind to call the finest girl? She is a lovely creature, beautiful and gay as the rising moon."

Later he writes: "The character of E. Morton is such as has, after pretty strict observation, won my entire admiration. She is often wrong in her opinions and prejudices, but I never knew her to have any that did not flow from some noble and generous principle and feeling. There is an ardor and sincerity in her attachments and withal a practical good sense that would reward

* Note. "Friend Morton" alluded to, was the second wife of John Morton, of Philadelphia, and the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Robinson, of Newport, R. I., through both of whom she was connected with the most prominent Quaker families of New England. She was brought up in Newport before and during the Revolution.

Amelia Mott Gummere, in "The Quaker in the Forum," says: "The town [Newport] at this period was the metropolis of the country, swarming with officers of the British Navy, travellers from all parts of the world, mariners who had become prosperous merchants, often in the slave trade, and sometimes by privateering Huguenot refugees, and representatives of all faiths. The Quakers came inevitably into contact with many varieties and types of thought, and nowhere has it ever been possible to find a more delightful circle of highly educated and intelligent Quakers than at Newport before the Revolution."

Such was the youthful environment of Mary Robinson, the effects of which were recognized by these young men.

completely the greatest devotion of heart. Am I to be rewarded? I cannot tell. I may not succeed, but if I do I should not envy a Prince his kingdom."

The proper procedure in affairs of the heart, one hundred years ago, was very different from the present all too free and easy way, and following it a letter was written to John Morton, the father of Esther. The letter has not been preserved but the answer is among the family papers, probably kept as forming an important link in the culmination of Daniel's greatest desire, at that time.

"Respected Friend

Daniel B. Smith

In reply to thy note of last 3rd day, I can truly say that I have always esteemed thee, and shall be pleased to see thee a visitor in my family on a friendly footing, leaving further views to the decision of an increase of acquaintance and mature consideration among all parties.

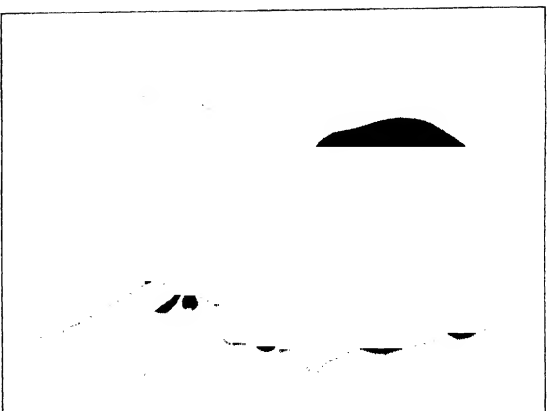
With sentiments of regard in which my wife unites

Thy Friend

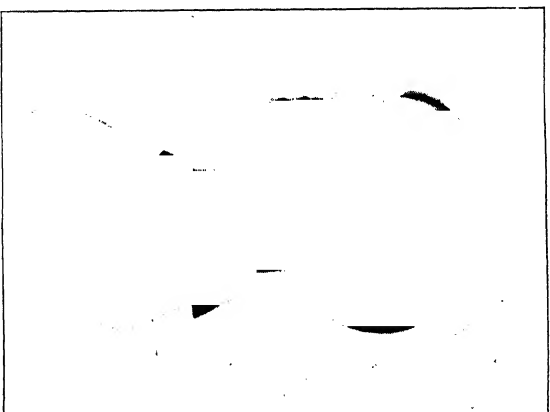
(signed) Jno. Morton."

The visits were continued and as a result the marriage of Daniel B. Smith and Esther Morton came about in 1824. In writing to one of the family after the marriage, Mary R. Morton thus speaks of her son-in-law: "I am persuaded that he has genuine manliness of spirit in no common measure. His principles, social, moral, political and religious are sound and correct, founded upon thorough investigation and knowledge of what he professes to believe; and these principles he is as unlikely to yield or compromise without full conviction, as any man I know. He has a correct taste for polite literature and a more extensive knowledge of it than any other one of my acquaintance. He has a general acquaintance with the sciences now in first estimation, to some of which, as chemistry, mineralogy and botany he is passionately devoted. He understands the Greek and Latin languages and reads French and Italian poetry with ease. He is an active and efficient, though unostentatious member of several societies for the promotion of literary and benevolent objects, and exemplary in his attention to his own private business. These are not merely my sentiments, they comprise the general opinion respecting him.

"Hetty is agreeably settled in Arch St. near Seventh St. where she receives her friends with



DANIEL B. SMITH, 1820.



ESTHER MORTON SMITH, 1820.

that ease and freedom so congenial to her disposition. Write I pray thee to her, including congratulations to her husband. Never I think was man happier in the possession of a long-cherished, admired, respected and beloved treasure."

Daniel B. Smith and his wife lived in Arch Street until the death of John Morton in 1828. Beside the keeping of their small establishment they had to devote some time to the business of the drug store, when the apprentices were away. Mary R. Morton died the year following the death of her husband, in 1829, leaving a vacancy in the lives of her children which no other ties could fill.

Daniel B. Smith and his wife, with Dr. Robert Morton, the only other child of Mary R. Morton, lived at 116 South Front Street, until their removal to Haverford.

It is easy to understand how they, with their strong affections and ready sympathy, enjoyed their three children, and watched over their development with a yearning love which parents, perhaps, only know. The father had very decided ideas about the proper bringing up of his children, shown by the following, written when his oldest little boy, then under four years of age, was visiting, with his grandmother, her sister

Abigail Robinson in Newport. "I am seriously concerned lest my little boy's impatience of temper and strong will have rendered him a troublesome inmate of aunt's quiet mansion. I hope you will keep him in check; I am no friend to the modern system of bringing up children, and am sure that the best way of making them happy as well as obedient is to teach them to submit from the earliest dawn of reason; the habit will be worked into the constitution and a deal of turbulence and rebellion in after life will be saved. I do not think that if properly and kindly managed the greatest degree of parental authority will interfere with the development of manly spirit, at least I hope to be able to attain both in my little darling."

Although Daniel B. Smith's family connection was a large one, his immediate circle was always very small. His only sister Margaret Morris Smith, between whom and himself the tie of affection was strong, died in her home in Burlington, unmarried. Much of her early life was spent in the care of her grandmother, Margaret Hill Morris, who lived to be an old lady requiring many services which were lovingly rendered by the younger generation of her family. During the period of her life after the death of her grandmother, Margaret Morris Smith worked unceas-

ingly for the needy ones among her neighbors. She was of a generation, now long gone, when such loving service, binding communities together, was much more common than at the present time. Her death was due to exposure in taking care of the victims of a railroad accident in Burlington, when she herself was in poor health. She was always of a very retiring, at times, almost morbid disposition. The following extract gives a picture of the close relation, not uncommon, particularly in the families of Friends one hundred years ago, now almost unheard of. The letter was written to Esther Morton Smith, then visiting her sister-in-law in Burlington, by her mother, Mary R. Morton: "I am glad it is in thy power to spend a few days with thy precious sister in her recent bereavement; the loss of a sensible, pious, affectionate, domestic friend and companion cannot be easily supplied."

In the *Life of William Savery*, of Philadelphia, recently published by Francis R. Taylor, the author analyzes briefly what he calls: "one of the most fateful transitions in American Quaker history, that from great political activity to absolute withdrawal from it." He says: "Back of the whole transition was a shifting of values, an unexpressed and tacit abandonment of the political, and almost of the educational method.

The Holy Experiment had failed; the learning of its promoters had proved a seductive veneer. What was needed in the eyes of these newer prophets was a return to the power of a religious experience as the only salvation of society. All else was superficial; hence the essentials were a common school education, an intensive application to the 'state of society' and little of inspirational matter beyond the Bible and the preaching in the meetings for worship. The learning in the Universities was openly distrusted. The search for knowledge was restricted to the few and they were no longer the spiritual leaders."

Among the papers of Daniel B. Smith is a letter from him to Dr. John Griscom, which shows that the writer passed through this phase of thought.

"Philada. 11 mo. 22nd. 1815.

"Thy most acceptable letter of the third inst., is now before me and I will endeavor, as far as the limits of a letter will allow of, to explain my views on the subject of a Barclay College and to put my objections into more intelligible language.

"I would observe, in the first place, that thy arguments seem brought to prove that knowledge is better than ignorance and in no way detri-

mental to piety. The first position (I believe) no one doubts. The question is not on that point, but whether knowledge is in itself a promoter of virtue, whether a more liberal school education would improve the moral habits of our members? Now, it appears to me, that learning, strictly speaking, can have little power over these. All history shows that great talents and acquirements have as frequently disgraced as honored their possessors. The cause of intellectual excellence lies deeper than in outward advantages and is to be found not in quickness of intellect, not in extent of knowledge but in those virtues of the heart which are the result of early discipline and steady self control.

“The order of things would be unjust if it were otherwise. The question as to the beneficial effects of knowledge is precisely like that as to those of riches, for the former is in fact intellectual wealth. They both hold out in theory the same great inducement to virtue and philanthropy. In the actual pursuit of both, can all the mean and jealous passions be excited. They are neither of them positive goods but instruments whose good or evil use depends on the hand that wields them. To render them subservient to no evil passion, the heart and affections must be previously cultivated. The standard of religion

must be raised, or they will rally around that of our lusts and appetites. To pursue this analogy there can be no doubt but that the aristocracy of wealth, which has latterly grown up in our Society, exerts a great and alarming influence in its ecclesiastical concerns. How much greater will this influence be, how much more subtle and dangerous when allied with that which literature must give!

“I do not say this because I am an enemy either to riches or knowledge; for where properly applied they rank with our greatest blessings. But I think that if my remarks are just they show that an improved education, if by such is meant a more extensive acquaintance with languages, philosophy and belles-lettres can never of itself become instrumental in the more extensive diffusion of sound principles, that is of the doctrine and practice of our Faith. It may even be the means of assimilating Friends with the customs and principles of the world, and the more readily as the character of the age is that of philanthropy, easy benevolence and indifference in the garb of charity. It is the stress that has been laid on this point, that of the power of a learned education, that has alarmed many Friends. They thought, and perhaps justly, that on the new system we were to depend upon the

efforts of man rather than on the Grace of God for the successful implantation of virtue and religion. It has been represented, and plausibly too, that a more liberal education would soften the heart, subdue the passions and exalt the understanding, widen the sphere of our usefulness and quicken our beneficence. But the very foundations of our religion are the desperate wickedness of unredeemed man—his total inability for good word or work and salvation through the mercies of a Redeemer. And however one's private opinion might differ, no scheme of any kind whatever can be adopted by the Society that is at variance with these doctrines.

“—Thee will easily perceive that what I have been saying is of a cautionary and general nature, rather than argument against thee. We both agree in the main. I wish as well as thyself to see the benefits of learning diffused generally through our Society; to have the tree of knowledge planted among us, but I tremble for its pernicious growth unless the dews of Heaven water it; and I think thee has counted too much upon mere human efforts in purifying the heart. It must be recollected that we are called upon to educate our youth because they are behindhand with the rest of the world, that they may not lose their influence nor means of being useful; but is

there any comparative deficiency in their moral education? And if there is, can any society for education remove it? The benefits to be derived from the new institution will be limited to few, and those few will be rich. The remote effects to be sure will be felt in time through all our borders, but this moral education is a thing of universal and momentary concern. It is, I am persuaded, as much regarded with us as with any other sect, and it is interwoven with the very nature and existence of our institutions.

“—In respect to the details of thy plan, I have not many things to observe. I do not see much objection to the name of College, President and Professor. But the general remark may be made, that upon the Pillars of our Temple is inscribed ‘Be ye Separate’. The effect of this separation in the trivial articles of dress and language, has been most salutary. Even in a political point of view the ordinance may be esteemed as a great master stroke of policy. And now when about to establish an institution which is to form an era in our history and try an experiment on ourselves, it would be at the least prudent to act on the same principles. We do not know but that the proposed college may form a new point of attraction, union, and assimilation between the world, its spirit and ourselves, which may

gradually amalgamate both into one. I would therefore throw up every barrier possible in the way of such an union, and as I attribute a very powerful influence upon our little prejudices and vanities, to mere names, would have even these as simple and unambitious as possible.

“I do not think a Professorship of Moral Duty would be quite an orthodox office. It was the part of the scheme which at first captivated me the most, but I have since thought differently. Our Society acknowledges the obligations of no system of morality whose precepts flow not immediately from the fountain of Revealed Religion. And where is the difference between hiring a minister to preach these precepts from the pulpit and paying a teacher to enforce them upon our children? Select pious men for instructors, and they will be, all of them, preachers of the Gospel. If you do not choose such, your whole work will be blasted. Degrees I think would be inadmissible; for they would strike at the root of our pure republicanism.—”

The final summing up is in these words: “Let an association of such Friends as are particularly interested in the cause be formed in each of our principal cities. Let them choose three men—two of them at least married, one to teach the languages, another mathematical and the third

miscellaneous philosophy? A private institution might thus be formed for educating 40 or 50 pupils in some neighboring village, and each Yearly Meeting might possess one. Let the association purchase philosophical apparatus and library and guarantee to the teachers a clear annual profit sufficient amply to reward talents. The teachers might pay an annuity to the society for its apparatus and books which should defray the interest of their cost and their probable expenses of repairs——.”

This letter was written when Daniel B. Smith was twenty-three years old and is quoted at such length to show the change in his ideas in the fifteen years that elapsed until the opening of Haverford, when he accepted the position of instructor in Moral Philosophy.

In 1830 meetings were held almost simultaneously in New York and Philadelphia, their object being: “to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a central school for the instruction of the children of Friends in the advanced branches of learning.” Committees were appointed to meet with and compare ideas with Friends in other parts of the United States, and to report at a subsequent meeting to be held in New York. The following Minute was adopted: “The important subject, on account of which

Friends have met, engaged the serious deliberation of the meeting, which led to Friends imparting their views and feelings thereon; and it was the united sense of the meeting that, in order to preserve our youth from the contaminating influences of the world, its spirit and maxims, whilst receiving their education, and to keep this interesting class of the Society, its hope and promise, attached to the principles and testimonies of Friends—a school be established in some central position, and to an extent adequate to the wants of Friends on this continent, in which a course of instruction may be given as extensive as in any literary institution in the country; plainness and simplicity of dress and deportment be strictly maintained and enforced, and the minds of the pupils be at the same time imbued with the principles of the Christian religion as always maintained by the Society of Friends, that they may be thus prepared under the Divine blessing to become religious men and useful citizens. It appeared to be the opinion of the meeting that such an institution would be most useful under the supervision and management of the Contributors.”

The name of Daniel B. Smith was the second appointed on the Philadelphia Committee, “one of rare ability and distinguished attainments.”

Shortly before this time "The Friend" published a series of articles written by different people, showing the warm interest that had been thoroughly aroused. The following telling passage is taken from one of these articles.

"Many of the early ministers in the Society, whom we consider as the brightest ornaments of our church, were men who had received a liberal education; and there is no doubt that, under the sanctifying power of Divine Grace, it contributed to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness, in religious as well as civil society. At no subsequent period has the Society been able to enroll amongst its ministers so large a number of men of liberal education and cultivated minds, as those who adorned its early days; and I apprehend it will readily be admitted by all who are familiar with its history that, if we are to judge from the effects produced, the ministry has never been more pure, powerful and convincing, nor its testimonies and principles more faithfully maintained, than during that period of persecution and suffering."

As Daniel B. Smith was among the originators of *The Friend*, some of the articles alluded to may have been contributed by him or at least have met his approval. The plan developed rapidly and in less than two months the committee were ready to submit a draft of a consti-

tution of the proposed school. The report of the committee was adopted and recommended to the attention of Friends.

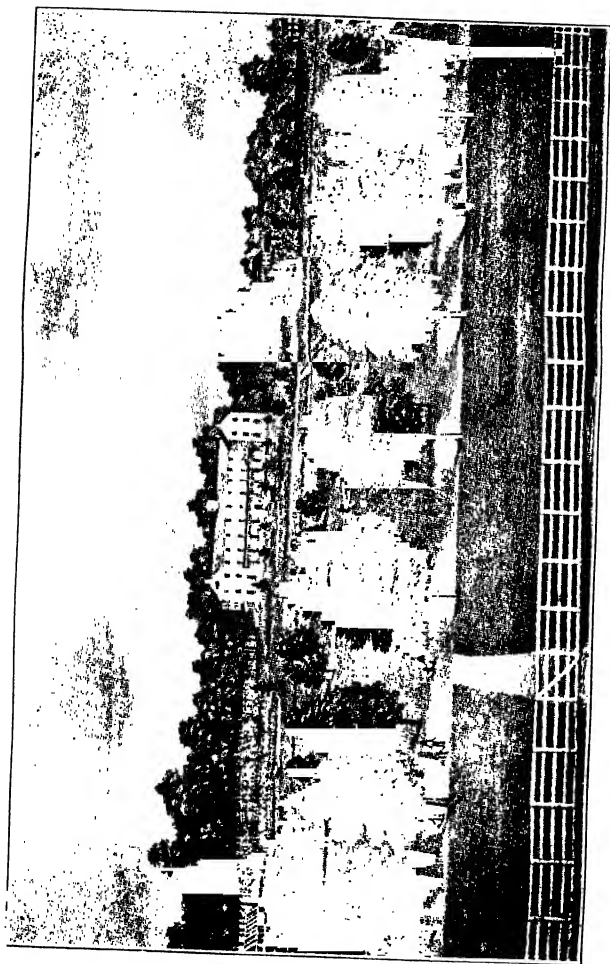
Daniel B. Smith, as chairman of a sub-committee, reported that they had "agreed to submit the following outline of a plan for accomplishing the very desirable objects in view. In proposing the sum of \$40,000 for the capital stock of the Association, the committee have supposed that fifty acres of land in the vicinity of Philadelphia could be purchased for \$8,000.00, and that the requisite building could be erected and furnished for \$24,000. They have allowed \$8,000.00 for apparatus and library. Supposing that fifty scholars be obtained, their board and tuition will yield \$10,000.00. The boarding of fifty boys is estimated to cost \$90.00 each per annum, making \$4,500.00; salary of principal \$1,500.00, salary of two teachers \$2,000.00, which will be an investment of 5% on the capital invested. Whatever may be thought of these estimates, the committee hope that the attention of Friends may not be diverted from the attainment of the principal objects in view by a difference of sentiment respecting them."

The raising of the sum of money mentioned, for the capital stock of the Association, to be called—"The Contributors to Friends' Centra!

School," was a large undertaking at that time, which the committee seriously undertook. A circular was sent out to individual Friends stating the necessity of a strong and united effort and also of following up the present favorable beginning of the movement. The appeal met with unexpected success, and in little over a month after its appearance, the committee reported that more than the specified sum had been subscribed.

There was then no intention of making the school a college, although the curriculum was practically the same and the change could be easily effected if it were later desirable. The teachers, managers, contributors and pupils were all to be members of the Society of Friends, and the first proposition involved peculiar difficulties.

There was also great difference of opinion as to the best location which was finally settled to the satisfaction of all. The following extract from a letter of Daniel B. Smith to Richard Mott, ends thus: "The difficulties of finding a site that pleased all parties have at length been overcome, and a farm purchased which even I, who was so bent upon going to Burlington, think an admirable location. We shall proceed at once with the preparations for the building, and I hope to see the institution opened in a year from this time. The views expressed in thy letter will, I trust,



FOUNDERS' HALL, HAVERFORD COLLEGE. PA., 1833.

govern or, at least, influence the managers;
* * * * * The Principal must be a man not occupied with the drudgery of teaching or farming, having charge of the boys in the intervals of study, and representing the institution to visitors. He must be a gentleman in his manners, endued with habits of order and method, affable and companionable, religious, grave, yet cheerful. If such a man, of high standing among his friends, should feel it to be his religious duty to the opening of an institution so important in its consequences to our Society, would it not be almost a guarantee of its success? If thou shouldst know of such a one, whisper in his ear a message from me, that the monitions of the
‘Stern daughter of the voice of God’
are not to be disregarded with safety.—

24th of the 11 mo. 1831.”

The farm chosen was in Haverford township, comprising 198½ acres, being well adapted for cultivation, both for farming and ornamental purposes, it contained several fine springs and also a branch of Cobb’s creek ran through it.

The farm house, surrounded by locust trees, was changed to suit the family of Daniel B. Smith, a large piazza was built in front and in 1833 they moved out from Philadelphia to live. His wife writes: “the children are delighted with

the thought of going into the country, Ben is to have a horse, Johnny poultry to feed (my father's taste) and Mary a pet lamb."*

Samuel Hilles, of Wilmington, (the husband of Daniel B. Smith's cousin and correspondent of early years) was the first Superintendent, and the teachers associated with him in the faculty or council, as it was then called, were Dr. Joseph Thomas, the teacher of Latin and Greek, John Gummere, instructor in Mathematics and Daniel B. Smith in Moral Philosophy. The school was opened in 1833.

Everything pertaining to horticulture and botany was especially near to the heart of Daniel B. Smith, and the choice of the English gardener, William Carvill, to lay out and care for the grounds, must, at least, have been approved by him. As to the ability and skill with which the work was done, many friends of the school will bear witness today.

* The mention of John Morton's fondness for poultry, recalls a family story, when he was an old gentleman and President of the Bank of North America. He had for pets three hens and a rooster, of which he was very fond; he took care of them himself. They returned his affection, knew his place of business and his hours, and when the time came for him to return home, they would march to meet him. It was a common sight in the neighborhood to see the old gentleman, in his Quaker costume of the day, followed by his four pets, one by one, solemnly walking along from the Bank to his home on Front St.

Daniel B. Smith had a very high opinion of William Carvill, and once wrote of him: "He knows every tree on the grounds, he is the first to discover an injury to them and is always prompt in repairing it as far as it is possible, regarding the success of his plantation the best proof of his skill."

William Carvill also had charge of the green house, hot house and forcing house, the latter of which, "will be almost perfect in its way. The facilities he will possess for raising all kinds of plants from seeds and cuttings are so great that I think his superior skill as a gardener will enable him to undersell others and to supply the dealers in New York and Philadelphia at prices which will be lower than they can raise plants for themselves." The farm was to supply, not only the vegetables, but contained an apple orchard, rather large for the time. The managers were forehanded, for there is extant a list of "Apple Trees planted at Haverford School Farm 4 mo: 1832 and 11 mo: 1832." Five hundred trees were set out for which the time of ripening, names of varieties and number of trees were given. Thirty-one trees ripened in the 7th month; 48 in the 8th month; 98 from the 9th to the 12th month and the balance were for winter ripening from the 12th to the 4th month. It would be interesting

for a modern pomologist to see how many of these varieties have persisted to the present time.

In 1834 the Haverford Loganian Society was founded by the students, "for mutual improvement in literature and science." Its objects were stated to be improvement in composition and elocution, the investigation of various scientific and literary subjects, and the formation of a museum and cabinet of natural history, and of a library.

A few months later the President reported "that the managers had granted to the Society for a botanical garden the piece of ground now occupied by the garden and greenhouse. A gardener was soon obtained, and subscriptions were set on foot for furnishing plants and other materials. There were difficulties in the way of this horticulture, for we find on minute three weeks later: "Resolved that the Society finish the extermination of the daisies in our garden to-morrow afternoon, at 20 minutes past 5." The cabinet of minerals and dried plants and the library were begun and added to by the members and their friends. A circular was issued by Daniel B. Smith, as President of the college, to the friends of the society stating that the Managers had granted to the students upwards of five acres, for a Botanical Garden. "The design



DANIEL B. SMITH, 1837.

of the managers in this appropriation has been to provide a healthful and pleasant recreation for the leisure hours of the students, a recreation subservient to still more important purposes; the cultivation of a knowledge of botany and horticulture, and of a taste for the pleasures of rural life. This society will have the superintendence of the botanical garden, and it is intended that the students shall allot a certain portion of each day to horticultural labor."

He is explicit in his directions, entering into the question of temperature, location, drainage, shade, etc., etc. He corresponded with John Ford, of Scarborough, England, from whom the school received boxes of plants and minerals.

As the years went by it became more and more apparent that the continuance of the school involved a serious financial condition which caused much anxiety to its friends. In 1843 in the endeavor to curtail expenses it was proposed that all of the studies of the whole school be under the supervision of a single head, to be assisted by two teachers, one of mathematics and the other of the ancient languages. This plan was adopted and in the Ninth month of that year, Daniel B. Smith was made Principal, the first to hold that office. However, in spite of the most

rigid economy, the accumulation of debt was serious and increasing.

In Eighth month 1845, Daniel B. Smith sent in his resignation to the managers of Haverford school, feeling that the situation of his family and the duties that he owed to it, required him to relinquish his engagement. He says: "I cannot close this communication without returning my hearty thanks to the Managers for the uniform kindness and indulgence with which they have treated me, and expressing the hope that the institution over which I have presided may, under happier auspices and in abler hands, realize the expectations of its founders."

The meeting at which this resignation was presented adopted the following minute, reiterating the sentiment of the Managers; "Our friend, Daniel B. Smith, having resigned his situation as Principal of the school, the Association deems it proper to record upon its minutes the sense which it entertains of his devotion to the interests of the institution, the great value of his services, and the deep regret that any circumstances should deprive it of the advantage of his talents, experience and literary attainments."

A special committee reported "that it was their united judgment that it would not be consistent with the duty which the Board owes to the Asso-

ciation to continue the school after the close of the present term."

Accordingly the school was suspended, for a time, which its friends hoped, and which proved to be of short duration.

Shortly after these events had transpired, Daniel B. Smith received the following letter;
"Philadelphia, 2nd mo. 1846.

Daniel B. Smith

Respected Friend:

On the occasion of the closing of Haverford School a large number of its former pupils, cherishing a warm attachment to the Institution, and an affectionate remembrance of the faithful instruction and uniform kindness received from thee as their friend and preceptor, felt desirous that there should be conveyed to thee some token of their regard, with the expression of their regret that it had become necessary to suspend the duties of the school.

"For this purpose, and to obtain the concurrence of their fellow students generally, whom they believe to be inspired with similar feelings, the undersigned were appointed a Committee.

"We embrace with pleasure this opportunity of expressing individually, and on behalf of those we represent, our grateful remembrance of the fidelity and self-denial with which thy arduous

duties to us and to the Institution were fulfilled, and our sincere belief that it has been productive of very great and extended benefits.

“We have not been able to communicate with all the pupils of the school, but we know that we thus give expression to the sentiments of a very large portion of them, to whom peculiarly its present suspension is a source of unaffected regret.

“The delay which has occurred since our appointment has been unavoidably occasioned by the difficulty of making a selection from the numerous works presented to our choice. Our recollection however of the lively interest taken by thee in the subject so beautifully illustrated in the accompanying volumes, leads us to believe that we have not inaptly chosen them as an appropriate token of regard; we desire thy acceptance of them with the assurance that we are individually

Very sincerely thy friends,
(Signed the committee)

Jonathan Fell.

Isaac S. Serrill.

Benj. V. Marsh.

Francis R. Cope.

John S. Haines.

Henry Hartshorne.”

Then follow the names of 118 students.

The three volumes are on the "Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America," with the illustrations of Audubon, some of the smaller animals being life size.

This handsome present was quite overpowering, at first, to the recipient. In replying to the letter he says, "I value far more than the volumes themselves the kindness and attachment which prompted you. Accept then, on behalf of your fellow students, my sincere and grateful acknowledgments for your beautiful gift. These volumes will be to me as precious memories of some of the happiest years of my life, years passed in the pursuit and the communication of knowledge, dedicated I hope not in vain to the service of truth and virtue." After a somewhat lengthy moral disquisition, the letter concludes, "You see that I slide into my old habit of lecturing when I should perhaps have confined myself to thanking you for your kindness, but your paper has so vividly recalled the past that I forget that both the Professor and his Chair have vanished. In conclusion I must add that I hope my Philadelphia home will be regarded by you, one and all, as a place where you will be sure of a hearty welcome and I hope that in thus renewing the

recollections of your youth you may convert them into the friendship of your riper years."

Although no longer connected with the school as Principal, Daniel B. Smith did not withdraw his active and practical help in its affairs. As chairman of a committee appointed for the purpose he reported their recommendation to raise at least \$50,000.00 for an endowment fund which was immediately begun.

One of the great difficulties in the successful running of the school, in the minds of the Managers, was the fact that the students must all be members of the Society of Friends, thereby restricting the field to a small number. By the advice of Horace Binney, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his day, the Managers applied to the State Legislature for an amendment to their act of incorporation, which was allowed, and from this year, 1847, the children of "professors with Friends" were eligible for students.

Daniel B. Smith, as President of the Loganian Society, sent an appeal to the students, some 250 in number, urging them all to join in the rescue of the school. A draft of this circular, in his handwriting, says in part. "The institution is at present in a most critical condition. The sum of \$30,000.00 has been subscribed conditioned upon

the full sum of \$50,000.00 being contributed. We have ascertained beyond any reasonable doubt that if the students can raise the sum of ten thousand dollars the remaining ten thousand is secure to us. Already by the efforts of a comparatively few of our number nearly one half of this sum has been promised to us. A united and vigorous effort on the part of the students will secure this sum and therefore it is that we appeal once more to your feelings of attachment to our Alma Mater, and call upon you to make that effort. Should it be successful the school will be placed as far as pecuniary means go in a more flourishing condition than it has ever yet been, and we may confidently look forward to its being reopened at an early period, with a prospect of a long continuance of its augmenting usefulness and reputation."

The following tributes paid to their old teacher by some of his boys, many years after they had been under his care as students, will perhaps give the best idea of his influence and the position he held at Haverford in the early days.

One of the old boys writes: "A passing tribute is justly due to the venerable teacher of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Daniel B. Smith. Well do some of the highest class remember our

first lesson in Abercrombie, when he began to teach us to think. Making some commonplace remark, he asked us, in a minute or two, to recall and tell him the succession of thoughts suggested by what he had said. It was an amusing as well as a useful exercise, a fit introduction to mental training and consecutive reasoning unfamiliar to us all. So, too, we learned as perhaps we had never learned before the art of studying. From this naturally followed the expression of ideas—first vocally, then in writing. By him we were taught to think, to speak, to write. His instructions were also peculiarly valuable in the study of classic or of foreign languages—giving us a facility, a force, and accuracy of rendering not otherwise attainable. He it was that foresaw that something apart from our daily lessons was needful for our mental improvement, and the practical development of the knowledge we gained by private study or in the class-room. Hence the organization of the Loganian Society.”

In the History of Haverford College, 1830-1890, we find: “It was Daniel B. Smith who, by common consent, was recognized as giving Haverford its tone, and building up the young school into a really worthy educational institution.”

Lloyd P. Smith, at one time Librarian of the Philadelphia Library, and well able to place his

former instructor, writes, "he was for Haverford what Dr. Arnold was for Rugby, the great teacher who made Haverford what it was, a man, if there ever was one, of genuine culture. His influence was in the direction of liberal studies, of a wide range of thought, of an enlarged view of science."

Another student, a professional man of eminence, says, "I do but speak the sentiments of my class when I say that Daniel B. Smith was the animating spirit of the place. It was he who moulded the character, shaped the destiny, influenced the future of its students."

Another says, "While he combined much dignity of manner with an agreeable suavity in his ordinary intercourse with men, he was a man with whom no student would dare to trifle, his character being formed in a sterner mould than that of his leading associates. He was professionally respected by his scholars, and, as a foil to whatever there was of sternness in his composition, the delightful cheeriness of a nature always sunny shone forth conspicuously in the happy temperament of his wife, who was much beloved by the students for many acts of kindness and generosity."

One amusing anecdote has been recalled by the daughter of one of his pupils, who always loved

and revered him. In the old days the rules at Haverford were very strict and if a boy were found out of bounds the punishment was severe. One day Esther Morton Smith came upon a group of boys playing out of bounds, and warned them: "Run, boys, quick! Daniel is coming!" The relator of the story said her father used to say, "I think he sent her. He did not want to catch us."

His son, in writing of his father says: "Daniel B. Smith was one of the originators of Haverford School, which as an assistance to the development of the principles of Friends, was probably the greatest public interest of his life. This residence at Haverford was probably also the happiest part of his life; he was an enthusiast in everything connected with education, and although the school was not a success as he had hoped it would be, I think that he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty there, and the respect and affection shown him by very many of his old pupils to the last week of his life gave him constant assurance that his effort had been appreciated."

As we should expect to be the case, the religious questions of the day, especially those connected with his own Society, were of great interest to Daniel B. Smith. His correspondence

shows that he was frequently consulted from various parts of the country as to matters of discipline and the attitude taken by the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in certain cases.

During his long life, which covered almost a century, there were many changing phases of thought in the Society, but he always strictly adhered to the orthodox faith in which he had been brought up. The following quotation from a letter written by him, in 1810, when he was eighteen years old, shows that at that time he was much impressed with the early preaching of Elias Hicks. Apparently this feeling was shared by many Friends, who, later, when it came to the troubles that shook the Society to its foundation, held to their earlier teaching.

“We have been this last week past astonished and delighted with a most extraordinary personage, I mean Elias Hicks. His preaching will not soon be forgotten, and has produced a striking impression on the public mind. Eloquence so simple and yet so sublime, the sternest morality, the most bold and fearless confidence in the unerring oracle of reason—the most bold and original cast of thought and the most gigantic intellect, combined with the clearest, deepest and soundest understanding I ever beheld, all conspire to render him a wonderful creature. He

seems to grasp the deepest and most abstract subjects with entire ease, illustrates them with the most simple and convincing arguments, and seems himself so deeply convinced with the truth and importance of what he says that he absolutely carries captive your reason and your heart." "This man," observes a person who heard him, "does not talk as if he had read the Scriptures—he preaches as if he had written them."

Whatever of bitterness or hardness of feeling Daniel B. Smith may have had in those distressing times, which rent families asunder and separated the closest of friends, as he grew older the natural sweetness of his nature manifested itself in his increasing toleration for those who differed with him in opinion.

In 1827, a small group of prominent Friends in Philadelphia, realizing the advantage it would be to their Society to have a regular publication to provide instruction and interest to their members, far and near, bound themselves together by the following agreement.

"We the Subscribers do hereby pledge ourselves to support 'The Friend', a Religious Literary Journal, with our best exertions, by obtaining subscriptions and furnishing contributions for the same for the period of one year from the date hereof, 10 mo. 10th 1827. (Signed) Thomas C.

James, Roberts Vaux, Thomas Kimber, Ellis H. Yarnall, R. C. Wood, Daniel B. Smith, Geo. Stewardson, Caspar Wistar, Edward Bettle, Morris Smith, James S. Newbold." This agreement is in the handwriting of Daniel B. Smith.

The publication of "The Friend" originated in a concern to support the doctrines and testimonies of our Society, by spreading among our members correct information on matters connected with its interests, and by the weekly introduction into their families of reading matter calculated to strengthen their good desires and their attachment to those principles which William Penn declared to be "Primitive Christianity Revived." For these principles Daniel B. Smith maintained a sincere love, and therefore he felt a warm interest in the prosperity of the journal which he had been instrumental in establishing, and contributed many valuable articles to its pages during a long series of years. When the infirmities of advanced age were more sensibly felt, and his pen was laid aside, he still preserved a thoughtful oversight of its contents, and his words of loving counsel and encouragement were cheering to its conductors.

A letter from Josiah Forster, to Daniel B. Smith, says:

“London 1. 4. 1828.

I have read with interest the new publication entitled ‘The Friend’ and have deferred information of its publication in accordance with thy wishes, but I think you must hardly expect many contributors from this country. Our Friends who are writers seem very fully occupied with their own undertakings, and might think it difficult to write what would be suitable to your members. Is it not probable that as you have men of talent who take a correct view of things, they will be the contributors most to be depended upon. I send addressed to thee by this packet a small parcel containing a few reports from which I have thought useful extracts might be made. I much wish that in conducting ‘The Friend’ you may be preserved from anything like controversy with counter-publications; and that whilst it fearlessly advocates sound Christian principles it may tend to cherish pure love and Christian feeling in the minds of the hearers, particularly the young. Be kind enough to send me six sets of ‘The Friend’ as early as thou conveniently canst—”

Daniel B. Smith was for some years (1844-1847, perhaps longer) Clerk of the Committee on Education of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and in the former year a circular was issued

with suggestions concerning home education, signed by him. He strongly recommends that families of Friends who are so far removed from educational school privileges that their children cannot have the benefit of them, should join together, several families, if convenient, and engage the services of a young woman as a family teacher. The committee believed that many qualified teachers could be found, and proceeded to give "a few simple and concise suggestions, which would be useful and acceptable to Friends."

Dr. J. J. Levick, alluding to his paper read before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, shortly after the death of Daniel B. Smith, says in *The Friend*: "Prepared as that paper was for an association of men of different religious opinions, its author did not feel himself called upon to especially direct attention to what was a very marked feature in Daniel B. Smith's character, his attachment to the principles and testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends. And yet no notice of his life would be at all complete without some such reference. How strong were his convictions, and how loving his attachment to his religious Society are well shown in the following words, which form the concluding paragraph of a series of interesting and instructive

lectures prepared by him for his pupils at Haverford School.

“Cherish carefully, therefore, the affections which bind you to that Religious Society in which your lot has been cast, and which forms so beautiful a model of the religious compact. It contains within itself everything that can commend it to the heart and the reason. We have traced its principles in their application to the varied concerns of life, and have found them to shed a clear and benignant light upon them all. They blend in one the truths of religion and philosophy. They harmonize the highest discoveries of reason with the undoubted dictates of revelation.

“The Society of Friends raised the standard of universal toleration and peace in a turbulent and bigoted age. It is the only religious Society, which, having attained political power while its sides were still reeking with the blood of persecution, sought no revenge on its persecutors.

“It led the way in proclaiming liberty to the Negro; in banishing from its borders that opprobrium of Christendom, the use of ardent spirits; in denouncing all oaths as immoral; in renouncing war; in proclaiming the absolute equality of religious rights, and the perfect freedom of the Gospel; and one after another these glorious

truths are embraced by men and communities that are still pressing on in the pursuit after Truth and Virtue.' "

Although the strongest interests of Daniel B. Smith were connected with his own religious Society, he took a prominent part in most of the movements of his time for the betterment and education of his native city.

In 1816 he was one of the incorporators of the Philadelphia Savings Fund, which at the time of his death, had the record of 357,263 depositors. In 1820, he, with two other citizens of Philadelphia, became much impressed with the need of a Free Library for the use of young mechanics and manufacturers, as a means to increase the happiness and prosperity of the community. The result was the Apprentices' Library Company, of Philadelphia, the growth of which has more than justified the hopes of its founders. Daniel B. Smith was its first secretary.

In 1821 a number of the prominent apothecaries in Philadelphia, foremost among whom was Daniel B. Smith, felt the need for more scientific knowledge in the compounding of drugs. As a result of their conferences the College of Pharmacy was founded, of which he was one of the incorporators, and for twenty-five years, president. Pupils came to the school from all parts

of the United States, from Canada, Cuba and various parts of Europe. Its journal has been published since 1825, and is everywhere recognized as high authority on the matter of which it treats, and has been one of the leading agencies in developing the profession of pharmacy in the United States, and changing it from a mere trade. Two of the professors of the College of Pharmacy prepared the United States Dispensatory, a book of two thousand pages, many articles in which were contributed by Daniel B. Smith, and which was, fifty years after its first publication, in daily use in every drug store in the country.

From 1823-1828 he was a Director of the Pennsylvania Co. for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities. In 1824 a number of the prominent citizens of Philadelphia, realizing the importance of collecting and preserving everything referring to the early history of Pennsylvania, met at the home of Thomas I. Wharton. The outcome of this meeting was the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, of which Daniel B. Smith was an incorporator and the first Corresponding Secretary. He was the last of the original members to survive. In 1824 he was one of the first members of the Franklin Institute.

In 1826 it was stated that there were sixty boys in prison in the city of Philadelphia and

that "a large number of both sexes were wandering about without homes and with no one to care for their souls or bodies." At once the necessity of a refuge for the endangered, an asylum for the erring, a shelter for the tempted came with force on the community. A public meeting was held and it was determined to found a House of Refuge. Prominent among those interested was Daniel B. Smith, one of the incorporators and for some years a manager. In 1829 Daniel B. Smith was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and was also a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was one of the founders of the Friends' Bible Society, and its first secretary.

In 1849 he removed with his family from Haverford to Germantown, where the remainder of his life was spent in the congenial atmosphere of a cultivated group of Friends. Although much interested in foreign countries and in the natural sciences, he was little of a traveller in his own country and never crossed the ocean. He was content to get his information from books and from his many friends. His tastes, during his long life, were of the simplest. The only luxury in which he indulged and for which he cared was his hobby for collecting books, and that he found it somewhat difficult to keep within

bounds. The hospitality freely offered by himself and his wife at Haverford and also in Germantown was simple and unostentatious, but there was about it an indescribable charm which those who shared it never forgot.

The second break in the family circle came about the time of the move to Germantown, when the only daughter passed away in early womanhood, when her charming and lively companionship was particularly missed by her parents.

The greater leisure offered by his life in Germantown, enabled Daniel B. Smith to devote himself to his favorite studies, botany, perhaps, being the chief. Many were the country walks which he took with keen enjoyment, the treasure-trove of flowers his reward. It was his custom to take as his companions the young daughters of his friends, probably endeared to him by the memory of his own loved and lost daughter, some of whom, to the end of their lives, always recalled those days with especial pleasure. Thus he was a pioneer in the field of nature study, the supreme importance of which is now generally recognized by educators.

In 1865, Esther Morton Smith died after a short illness, leaving her husband alone in the home, from which he might well feel that "the

glory had departed." The unusual devotion of Daniel B. Smith to his wife, has already been mentioned. All who knew her recognized in her a strength, a generosity and a high-minded nobility of character seldom combined in a single personality. The following is from a letter written to her son by an intimate friend of the family.

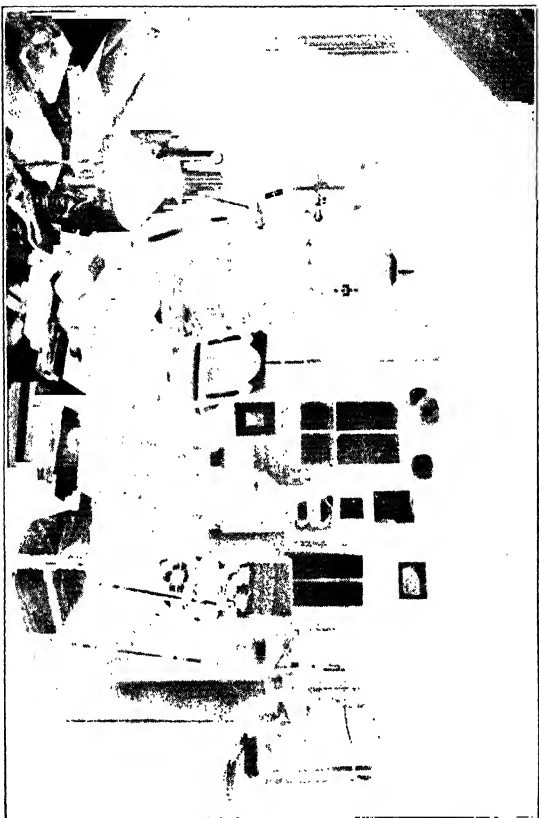
"I thank you very much for the thoughtfulness that induced you to send me a photograph of your mother. It is of great value to me though but the shadow of a loveliness that even the hand of time could only soften. The bright intelligence yet perfect womanhood that gave her such a wondrous charm no picture could portray. She was always in every mood herself, and the lights and shades in her character were many and striking, yet she was more warmly loved by those who knew her than anyone I have ever known, and at her death as in her life every voice was lifted up to call her blessed. She who opened her large heart to the cares and griefs of others helped them to bear their burdens, and yet she asked so little for herself. From my earliest knowledge of your mother I admired her, at Haverford I learned to love her, and as time wore on I was more and more attracted by her singular individuality, her touching beauty, and her unceasing

efforts to use her life for the benefit of all who wanted a friend."

Shortly after the death of his wife, Daniel B. Smith was persuaded by his son to become a member of his family. An addition was made to the house containing a "book room," never called by the more pretentious name of library, which some readers of this sketch will still recall. Every available inch of wall space, from floor to ceiling, was lined with books, sometimes two rows deep, all well known and loved friends.

Here he spent most of his time during the last years, always ready to welcome his friends with his genial smile, but always perfectly sufficient in himself and his surroundings. On one occasion company from New England, who were visiting at the house, were taken into this room. One of them was rather pompous, and, looking about him, said with a trifle of condescension, "So this is Daniel's den!" to which the answer followed, accompanied by a merry twinkle of the eye: "Yes—and now Daniel has the Lions in his den!"

Daniel B. Smith was exceedingly fond of his grandchildren and although he may have thought that their bringing up was not always the best, as it was not in accordance with the stricter way followed by himself, he never suggested or scolded or interfered. In the small



THE BOOK ROOM: DANIEL B. SMITH'S LIBRARY, THE SOUTH ROOM IN HIS SON'S RESIDENCE, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

garden back of the house were planted, from time to time, choice flowers and shrubs, dear to his heart, but when, as frequently happened, they came to grief at the hands or feet of the merry players and their friends, they never knew of the disappointment they had caused.

Once a year their grandfather took them to the Zoological Gardens, then a long journey, which, his love for natural history being so keen, he enjoyed as much as the young ones. Also, in the spring, it was his custom to hire a double carriage and fill it with children whom he took to Edge Hill, some miles from Germantown, to gather trailing arbutus, then quite abundant there. These were red-letter days, and the delight of them is still remembered by the children, now white headed themselves, with the indescribable loveliness of the early spring, and the fascination of discovering, with their grandfather, the pink blossoms under the dead leaves.

Then the facilities of transportation were few, and the fruits now common at all times of the year, were great luxuries. The children used to be invited once a week to a party in the book room, where their grandfather would give them oranges and bananas and would entertain them, perhaps, by showing them a favorite Natural

History, with large colored illustrations, which they called "the library book."

Daniel B. Smith was mercifully spared an illness. For some weeks before the end came it was evident that his long life race was nearly run and every care and loving attention was given him by his son. For a day or two he was unable to go down stairs, but he was not confined to his bed and did not suffer.

When the end had come, his friends once more looked upon his face in the calm and dignity of his last sleep, as he lay in his book room. Probably to many of them the lines of the poet Longfellow were forcibly recalled:

"Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks."

His last resting place was by the side of his wife, and his spirit, joined to those of his loved ones who had gone before, "returned unto God, Who gave it."

His death occurred 3rd month, 29th, 1883.

THOMAS EVANS

1798-1868

*“His faith and works like streams that inter-
mingle,
In the same channel ran:
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.*

*The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.”*

J. G. WHITTIER.

THOMAS EVANS

SILENTLY, steadily downward drifted the first snow of the winter on that November night in the year 1698, and already the barked log house, snuggled under the protecting clump of oaks, was thickly thatched with its coverlet of white. One small deep-set window cast a faint ruddy gleam on the snow that framed it, but aside from that no signs of life were visible, and the little cabin looked lonely and silent with only the leafless trees above it for company, and around it the white heaped clearing that so soon was swallowed up by the forest.

But within the cabin all was warmth and cheer. Here before a huge log fire sat Thomas Evans, but lately come from Wales to make his home in the new world; opposite him, busy at her humming wheel, was Ann, his wife, her red Welsh cloak flung over the back of her chair to keep off a very possible draft; and around them on crude settle and rough floor worked and played their eight children, ranging from Robert the oldest at twenty-four years to the baby, Sarah, of about four.

Scattered through the deep forest surrounding them were other pitifully small clearings each with its snow burdened cabin and its family within; and this meagre handful made up the new settlement of Gwynedd, the "White Land," chosen by these Welshmen as their abiding place, their new home, in which peace of mind and freedom to worship as they would were to be found.

A year before our scene opens two Welsh farmers, William John and Thomas ap Evan, had come riding through this lovely, hilly section of Penn's woods. These two, acting as representatives for a company of friends and neighbors in Wales, were commissioned to find a suitable site to settle upon for their future home. Fourteen years before the great Welsh tract of 40,000 acres on the west bank of the Schuylkill had been bought and occupied by Welshmen from the northern counties of Wales; these had prospered on the fertile ground so near to the markets of the quickly growing city of Penn on the Delaware. News of this prosperity had filtered back to the home-land and through the promotion of Hugh Roberts, a Quaker minister of considerable power, who had settled in Merion in 1683 and twice since then revisited his old home, a new group was gathered together to emigrate to

Pennsylvania. So William John and Thomas ap Evan were chosen and sent in advance of the main company, and in their hands were left all arrangements and plans to do with as they thought best. Thus it came about that the first cousins (for such they were) rode along through the countryside, passing by the already settled outlying districts of Philadelphia, deciding against the charms of the White Marsh valley, and coming finally to the virgin forest land beyond, untouched as yet by the hands of man, and beautiful in its solitude. Here they stayed their horses' feet and here they planted a few acres of Tudeau corn in readiness for the coming of their followers.

In the meantime the rest of the colony were making ready to leave their old homes in Wales, and on the 18th of April, 1698, they sailed from Liverpool in the stout ship "Robert & Elizabeth," arriving after a voyage of eleven weeks at the foot of High Street, Philadelphia, and immediately hastening to begin work on the sites of their future dwelling places.

At the time of the settlers' arrival, it should be understood, most of them were not Quakers but belonged to the Established Church of England. These, amongst whom we find Thomas Evans and family, were in the habit of meeting

every Sabbath at the home of Robert Evans, at which meeting yet another Evans brother, Cadwallader, read to them from the Welsh Bible and probably from the service book of the church. This group included most of the colony, the few convinced Friends meeting at the home of John Humphrey. But in 1700 the raising of the first Meeting house seems to have been aided and abetted by everyone, and the story goes that one Sabbath as Cadwallader Evans was wending his way to his brother Robert's for the usual service he felt "impressed to go down to see how the Quakers do." This he mentioned to his friends and they all agreed to go to the Friends next time, "where they were all so well satisfied that they never again met in their own worship." The absolute truth of this tale can hardly be vouched for, but in the second generation we find two outstanding Quaker ministers, one of them Evan, the fourth son of Thomas Evans.

Evan Evans and John Evans, the son of Cadwallader, were first cousins of whom it was said, "their friendship was pure, fervent and lasting as their lives, and their separation a wound to the latter (John Evans), the remembrance of which he never wholly survived. They travelled together through many of these colonies in the service of the ministry." This Evan was about

ten years of age when his family settled at Gwynedd, and he had therefore been more or less brought up amongst Friends. As he grew older he "developed an excellent gift of the ministry which he exercised in solemn dread and reverence"; and he and his cousin John were unwearied in their efforts in establishing the truth. He married and settled on the Wissahickon Creek, his farm of some two hundred acres was especially fertile. His oldest child, Jonathan, grew up as his father's right hand man, later moved to Philadelphia, married Hannah Walton and went into business as a wine merchant—a reputable undertaking in those days when wine appeared as a matter of course on every table, low or high.

It is with the youngest son of this worthy couple, Jonathan Jr., born in Philadelphia in 1759, that our story really opens, and we see before us a young man of strong mental powers and quick perceptions who had already attained considerable proficiency in most of the branches of useful learning. At this time he had just been apprenticed to the carpenter's trade, probably under the tutelage of his Uncle David "of Spruce St.," and continued to follow this trade for many years. History states that Jonathan Jr. was a lively lad and caused his good parents much

concern because of his light and trifling behavior and gay companions, and doubtless one of his capacity would have been a ringleader amongst his youthful associates. One day, when about nineteen years of age, he was repairing a bookcase, and in it chanced upon a copy of Penn's "No Cross No Crown." The strangeness of the title caused him to open the book and his attention was arrested by the words "The Light of Christ." Deciding that this was not his kind of a book however, he closed it and went on about his business, but he could not forget the phrase. He finally purchased the book in order to further examine it, became deeply interested therein, and finally it was the cause of turning him from the levity and follies of his youthful career. About this period he was drafted as a soldier for the War of the Revolution. While many of his former companions were won by the martial spirit of the day, he was steadfast in maintaining the principles of peace and for them suffered an imprisonment of sixteen weeks in the "Old" or Stone Prison, situated at 3rd and Market Sts. When finally released he did not forget his friends left behind, but worked for their deliverance as is evidenced by the following brief letter to one Daniel Offley, Jr.

Old Prison, Phila.

7-25-1780.

Dear Friend :

I was with Joseph Bringhurst this morning who informed me that thy case was mentioned in the Meeting for Sufferings, but I don't understand any committee was appointed, but I heard it is to be brought to our Monthly Meeting tomorrow, and I suppose from thence to the Quarterly Meeting—so don't be discouraged for I believe thou art not forgotten.

Jon. Evans, Jr.

Nothing daunted by either imprisonment or the obstacles thrown in the way of a young carpenter whose principles would not allow him to put ornamental work on buildings, Jonathan Evans made the best of his slim means of livelihood and retired from business many years before his death, having acquired a competence. He became an Overseer in his Meeting at the age of twenty-four and an elder at thirty-six, and at all times threw himself with vigor into the life and interests of the Society of Friends. Perhaps the later period of his life was somewhat clouded by the part he took in the dissensions that tore asunder the Society in 1827, but when one considers the impulsive, ardent spirit of the man, fettered as it was by a narrow and con-

tentious age, it is possible to sympathize with his stand for what he considered the fundamentals of Quakerism. His son Thomas, although feeling a great esteem for his father's position, could never quite agree to the necessity of the very severe verbal attacks launched by the elder gentleman on many occasions, and did his best at all times to keep the minds of Friends on a higher plane than that of quarrelsome litigation.

Acting as a balance wheel for this rather impetuous gentleman, we have the picture of his wife, Hannah Bacon, dearly beloved by her children and neighbors, genial, kindly and warm-hearted. Her very human side is shown by the anecdote relating the visit of an Elder to a Minister to warn her against her habit of over-much laughter. "But," said this light of the Society, for such she was, "But if I can't laugh, I can't preach, so what would'st thou have me to do?" At least one of her descendants gives thanks for that bad habit of hers and hopes she was not repressed over much. To Thomas Evans and his six brothers and sisters, their mother meant everything, and throughout their family letters in later years, the theme of her health and doings is omnipresent.

The family group at the Front St. home was an unusually pleasant and happy one. The

brothers William, Joseph, Joel, Thomas and Charles were bright-eyed manly boys, full of life and the joy of living, and their two sisters, Mary and Hannah (especially the latter), were graceful and charming, and quite capable of returning their brothers' witticisms in full measure. Although none of them were overly strong physically, yet their mental powers were highly developed and their social graces so pronounced that their company was much desired in the gatherings of young people of the Society.

Thomas, the fourth son and sixth child, was born at Front St. on the 23rd day of 2nd month 1798, just one hundred years after his ancestor the first Thomas, had settled in Gwynedd. In a memorandum written for his children's perusal, he says of his parents, "they were more remarkable for the daily watchfulness and religious travail of their spirits when with their children, than for many exhortations to them, and I can well remember the reach and check which their reverent gravity and exercise had upon my childish mind when no words were spoken . . . though for want of watchfulness I too little regarded their Christian counsel and commands."

At the tender age of five or six Thomas one day attended a meeting at Pine Street which

was addressed by an English Friend, Elizabeth Coggeshall. After seating herself she once more arose and mentioned the incident of the Lord taking the little children in his arms and blessing them, saying that she believed there were some lambs of the fold present, and wished to encourage such to follow after the Good Shepherd and not to listen to the voice of the Stranger. The journal says, "I felt this communication so deeply, my heart was contrited and broken, and my tears flowed so fast and full that I was hardly fit to go into the street when the meeting broke up. I hastened home, avoiding all my little playmates, and on reaching my father's house went directly upstairs and shut myself up in a closet where I thought no one would soon find me. Then I poured out my tears and my heart in prayers to my Savior and felt such joy and peace that I wanted no outward food.

"When I heard the call to dinner I thought I would rather stay there and experience the feelings I then did than go to my meal, and so I remained quiet. At length my dear and tender mother came upstairs to hunt me, and in the course of her search opened the closet where I was and quickly perceived that something unusual was the matter. Inquiring the cause of my weeping, I briefly hinted in such words as

my childish years and understanding dictated, and asked to be allowed to stay there and enjoy what I then thought of heavenly Good. But after some kind encouragement my dear mother advised me to dry up my tears and come partake of the food which was necessary for the body, which in a little while I did." Unfortunately, this state of peace did not last very long for as he says, "the levity of youth and the temptations of the cunning adversary were busily employed to draw me out into vanity and folly—I became the victim of the delusive snares of my soul's enemy and fell into sin."

Poor little soul, aged six, what an inheritance those generations of God-fearing ancestors had passed on to him, that at his age he should well know there was "a cunning adversary" much less be defeated thereby.

It was evident that this little boy of old Philadelphia had a vivid imagination and loved to exercise it to entertain both himself and others. However, he made use of this faculty once too often and ran amuck of the strict rules of early Friends which forbade romancing of any sort. It was after a walk to his grandfather's house that he entertained his brothers and sisters with a long and vivid tale of the adventures that had occurred to him en route. "It was rather of a

marvelous character and excited their wonder a good deal and they soon reported to my dear mother what I said had happened to me. She sent me upstairs into a room alone, and there my feelings of conviction and guilt were harassing and painful. She punished me for my bad conduct, which I felt that I amply deserved, and I did not get over the reproaches of my own heart for some time." This from a nineteenth-century eight-year old, while three generations later, a great grandson was much quoted for telling of the crocodiles in the Susquehanna river and from which his father extracted oil enough to run his mills. Once more he nearly fell from grace, being tempted to steal raisins from a keg in front of a grocery store that lay like a lion in the path to his grandfather's house,—indeed only the timely appearance of the shop keeper in person kept him from helping himself, and thus falling into sin. For this we cannot help but give thanks as such heart burnings in a mere child are as painful to the reader as to himself, even though four generations have elapsed since that event. His religiously concerned parents watched over him with anxious solicitude, indeed one can easily imagine the welfare of seven lively children of a nature sensitive to outside impressions might cause them some

concern, and in Thomas, the next to the youngest, there seemed to be reason for especial anxiety.

About this time he began to attend Penn Charter School, or as it was then called the School Corporation, under the mastership of Solomon Roberts. The year 1814 was one of the most exciting periods in the history of Philadelphia, and a sixteen year old boy of a wide awake mind probably took in a good deal more than the Hebrew taught by Friend Roberts. Congress was doubling the taxes and establishing revenues, the great inventions of the steam-boat, railroad and cotton gin were struggling bravely for existence, prices were high and depression in business was universal.

William Evans, the oldest brother, a high-strung young man who rather rebelled at the restrictions imposed by the Society, was by this time married and settled in the paint and glass business; while Joseph the second son had bought a farm in Springfield township and had just begun life there. The pretty sister Hannah, too, was on the point of marrying Joseph Rhoads and moving to Marple, so the Evans family as a unit was rapidly dissolving and assuming a new character.

As a boy whose life out of school was spent

chiefly in the city, we can imagine the interest Thomas took in the installation of the first lamps to light the city, tallow lamps, (and as excellent targets as their descendants of today) and quite insufficiently protected by the two watchmen who were to guard the central square of the town. Still more exciting was the decorating of the streets with floral arches, illuminations and transparencies, which took place on the 15th of 2nd month 1815 to celebrate the signing of peace with England. But a law passed by the grand jury shortly after this must have brought disgust to boyish hearts for it prohibited as a public nuisance the practice of flying kites in the streets, the rolling of hoops, or the ringing of bells by the muffin vender,—surely Philadelphia was rapidly ceasing to be a green country town.

Thomas, too, was growing up. One frosty day as he sat in Pine St. Meeting he was suddenly overcome with a sense of the Divine presence and power, and he literally wet the floor with his tears. He says, “my mind was impressed with a belief that it was required of me to stand up and utter the words, ‘Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, show unto my people their sin, and to the house of Jacob their transgression.’ I could hardly believe that such a thing could be called for from a child like me,

and reasoned it away as only an intimation of what might perhaps at some future date be my duty . . . and I went away without saying anything."

Sometime after this he went as a driver for his mother and aunt on a visit to the meetings of Abington Quarter. This must have taken several days, as the roads were bad and Friends' houses far apart. The boy was evidently not overly pleased to go, as he says "though outwardly orderly, yet inwardly I was very deficient in love and obedience to my Heavenly Father," but evidently throughout the visits he received much assurance of the love of his Savior and was much strengthened. These very natural ups and downs continued for some time, and it is the normal reaction of a real boy that speaks in the following lines—"thus I went on sinning and repenting, yet still retaining my love for the Truth, and a desire to see it prosper and a willingness to do what I could to promote it."

His mother had great sympathy with the problems of her lively son and was ever ready to encourage the good in him, indeed once she told him she believed he was destined to be a minister in the Society and wished him therefore to prepare for that solemn service. Similar hints were given him from time to time by other Friends

have had a long, lonely, and wearisome journey through a country where are no Friends, no meetings and as few comforts, I imagine, as could be found anywhere among civilized people, or at least people professing to be such. The roads are hard, frozen and extremely rough, so that we are obliged to walk our horses nearly all the way; finally our companion's horse and gig gave out, the rough roads having shattered the latter to pieces, and we were obliged to leave him and set off alone through a wilderness country very little settled, and we strangers to the road and to the people who were to entertain us. We have long done with two meals a day, and have become so accustomed to the habit that we do not feel the want of more, and so with hard travelling and few stops, we have made thirty miles per day most of the time." Though the rain and loneliness were depressing, yet "my spirits have not sunk nor my faith wholly deserted me, although we have now a prospect of a similar trail of five or six hundred miles across to Ohio, and through a country quite as wild as any we have passed through. The manners of the people through these parts are exceedingly rough and dirty, and the condition of the slaves wretched indeed, as their appearance fully evinces. In North Carolina they are worse dressed and fed

than in Virginia, indeed they are the most miserable looking beings I have ever beheld. At one place where we lodged, a negro told me his family had tasted no meat since last Christmas, which is more than a month past, and that they could not get enough dry bread to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and we saw that many had not clothing to hide their nakedness, and yet the masters seemed to be perfectly easy and apprehended that they had enough of all things."

In sharing these hardships a great bond of affection grew up between the old and the young man; after George Withy's return to England they corresponded as long as the elder was able to write. After this experience, Thomas Evans travelled at different times with several other ministers, both English and American, but he himself never spoke publicly in meeting until the year 1832 when he was in Virginia with Elizabeth Pitfield and H. Regina Shober.

The years 1827-28 were turbulent times in the Society, and throughout them this young man, though only twenty-nine years of age, took a most active and prominent part and by his commanding eloquence distinguished himself as a speaker and a leader amongst Friends. As a witness in the great New Jersey chancery suit (1829-33) it was said of him that, "his

testimony as presented to the Court, and which has been preserved in printed records, exhibits a knowledge of the points involved, and a power of ready expression, with a thorough understanding of everything that had a bearing upon the subject connected with the issue, unsurpassed by anything which is to be found in the annals of religious litigation."

But it is evident that he also had other important matters in mind, besides the necessity of witnessing at law suits, for in a letter to Newberry Smith, Jr., a young man of his own age, we find this post-script which like the straw shows which way the wind is blowing; he says: "Newberry, thou and I seem to be left behind among our contemporaries as regards the matrimonial race, but I trust when we do 'come in' we may win a '*worthy prize*'—the success of *this race* is not always to the swift."

History does not tell us whether Newberry was more speedy in finding his "worthy prize" or not, but in 1834 Thomas Evans married Catharine Wistar, daughter of John and Charlotte Wistar, of Salem, N. J., the youngest girl in a charming family of young people. They started housekeeping a few doors from the shop on Spruce Street. To the Welsh blood of the Evans clan was now united the German in-



THOMAS EVANS.



CATHARINE WISTAR EVANS.

heritance of the Wistar's, for Catharine's great grandfather, Caspar Wistar, had come over from Hilspach, a small town near Heidelberg, in 1719, married Catharine Jansen of "Wyck," Germantown, and settled in Salem as the first glass-maker in America. Her father, John Wistar, died when she was about four, leaving her mother to run the farm and raise the big family, aided by her two eldest children, Bartholomew and Mary. The other children, Charlotte, Clayton, Caspar, Hannah, Catharine and John made up a lively group of children, who lived just outside a village full of cousins of every degree, where everyone knew everyone else's business and was warmly interested therein. This genial society, withdrawn, as it could not help being, from the turmoil of the city, proved from the very first a place of calm retreat and strength to Thomas Evans. Whenever ministerial cares, or his ever-increasing ill health became too much for him, he would journey down to "Mannington," the farm belonging to his wife's brother-in-law, Jonathan Friedland, and there find peace for his soul and rest for his body. His health, never of the most robust, was permanently impaired by an injury to the spine caused by extreme exertions on board a ship during a storm on a voyage to Charleston, S. C., in 1837. In

company with his wife's brother Bartholomew Wistar, he was on the way to look after Friends' meeting property in that city, when overtaken by a fearful storm. The wind blew with such terrific velocity and lashed the waves into such momentous billows that nearly all on board gave up hope of being saved. During this time of awful suspense in the apparent near approach of death, his disobedience to the pointings of duty in relation to the work of the ministry pressed heavily upon Thomas Evans. He says, "It was a memorable season not to be forgotten. Death seemed to most on board to be inevitable; to all human sight there was no hope of our being saved; but in the marvelous condescension of my Heavenly Father to his poor frail unworthy child, He was pleased to bear up my mind with a secret evidence that we should not be lost, and I was strengthened by it to make great efforts to prevent the ship from sinking and by example and words of encouragement to animate my fellow passengers, soothe their anguish, and induce them to renew and continue their exertions when they would have given up in despair."

Having covenanted with his Heavenly Father that, if allowed to get safely home, he would thereafter be more faithful to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, he was much overcome on

attending soon after a meeting in New York, to hear the text, "Offer unto God thanksgiving and pay thy vows unto the Most High," and to have the speaker address it "to some, or perhaps *one*, present," applying it so aptly to his case that he might be led to conclude she knew of what had passed in his mind on shipboard. It was still, however, very difficult for him to be faithful to these promptings as he felt himself too frail and deficient to speak.

On a visit to the outlying meetings of the Quarterly Meeting he felt himself overcome by his shortcomings and much bowed in spirit, and on arriving at the lodging for that night he walked alone in the woods, "with my mind turned to the Lord, and felt strength and comfort from Him." From that time on he little by little began to appear in public, was approved as a minister in 1844, and at his death was recognized as eloquent in a high degree—his language so beautifully chosen as to touch the hearts and minds of many.

About this time his health began to fail, so the family moved from Spruce St. to a small house on the farm of his brother Joel at Springfield. Although at times partially paralyzed, he nevertheless obtained a minute to visit the remote meetings in Pennsylvania, and also the Half

were dressed in the true Indian style and looked gay enough. Governor Blacksnake is a wonderful man. He is about 85 or 90 years of age and rode 70 miles on horseback to the council; he appears to have his memory and his faculties vigorous. The principal chiefs from Allegheny, Cattaraugus and Buffalo were all present on the occasion and seemed very open and friendly, and truly glad and thankful we had come among them. Hope seemed to linger in their minds, and they can hardly give in to the idea that they will have to go."

A week later he writes again:—"We arrived at Tunesassa on second day evening last after a fatiguing ride, the last eight miles of which was as bad as can well be conceived, over the greater part of which we walked. Third and fourth days we took horse and rode to the different parts of the settlement and visited the Indians; fifth day we held a meeting with the family and settled the accounts, etc.; sixth day we had a large council with the natives in which we delivered a long talk to them. Jacob Blacksnake and Tunis Half-town made speeches to us. I think there must have been one hundred Indians present. Seventh day morning we left the school and walked to this place (Collins). I think J. E. and I walked two miles over some of the worst



THOMAS EVANS, JUNIOR.

roads I have ever seen, so muddy that we had to pick our way with care to get along at all." With what affection he closes his letter proving that five years of married life have only strengthened the bond between husband and wife: "Ah! how gladly would I fly to thee, my dearest, tomorrow if I might. I trust thou art enabled to bear my absence with a good degree of cheerfulness and that the time does not hang heavy on thee. My heart is very much with thee, and many are my secret petitions for thee and our dear children; I remain in near and tender affection thy own attached husband.

T. E."

His children, of whom there were now five, knew him as a tenderly devoted father, and his letters to them show that no matter where he was, or what he was doing, they were always first in his heart and mind. His second son, Tommy, a beautiful child, had fallen on some slippery linoleum when only about five years of age, and had so injured his hip that he was always compelled to walk with the help of a crutch. Between this lad and his father existed a peculiar bond of affection, and the grown man's heart was torn over the sufferings he was unable to ease in his loved boy. One of his letters, written about four months before the

death of this son at twenty years of age, shows his feeling.

“My beloved child:—Having a little leisure this morning I thought I would occupy it in conversing with thee, as thou art the hourly companion of my thoughts, with a warmth of affection and sympathy which I have no words adequately to express. O, may the blessing of the Lord rest upon thee, and his Salvation be thy enriching portion forever. If thou feelest too poorly for us to leave thee, I will stay out with thee, or if there is anything thou wouldst like us to bring out from town send word. Mother and I will send it out on Fourth day. I think thou hadst better stay in the country (at Springfield) until we get fixed in the house, and Aunt Hannah Rhoads says it will be pleasant to them to have thee come over. Farewell, my dear son, the prayer of my heart is that thy gracious Heavenly Father may continue to have thee in his keeping, preserve thee from all evil, and grant thee the comfort of his love.

I am thy very affectionate father,

Thos. Evans.

First-day afternoon.”

And again:—

“My dear Son:—I want very much to see thee but do not want thee to come to the city until

thou hast had thy visit fully out at brother Joseph Rhoads.' I hope the damp, wet weather has not made thee more poorly. I looked for thee at Westtown when Uncle Joel came in, but perhaps it would have been too fatiguing for thee. The place was beautiful and Cousin John Wistar seemed well and happy. We are staying here in the midst of dirt and bricks and mortar so that *out of ourselves* there seems little comfort or cheeriness, but I am in hopes another week may end it and put us in possession of a more comfortable house, when we can have thee with us, which I shall be truly glad of. I miss thee very much, and want to have thee at home, where I am confined most of the time, not feeling able to walk much, and it would be pleasant to have thy company." Then he speaks again of the noise and dust incidental to re-modeling the new house at 8th and Arch and says, "I am glad thou hast not to feel the effects of them, though it will be truly pleasant if we are permitted again to assemble as a family in a comfortable home. Brother Wistar likes our present arrangements so little that he does not incline to come home and is still staying at Uncle Doctor's. Our family has been large, mother having three women making carpets, and two cleaning house, but we get along very well and all work in har-

mony, which is pleasant. I was sorry when I found I had omitted to send thee the slippery elm bark and have forwarded some to-day, the thickest I could find. As to the lemons I would have thee use thy pleasure and only take them when agreeable. We have heard nothing *direct* from Jonnie, but learned through others that he and Uncle J. were well and busy. They have had a great deal of pumpmaking to do this spring and it makes a good deal of riding for Jonnie, which he likes very much. It is a great privilege to have such kind and worthy relations who are ever ready to serve us when they can. We are indeed abundantly blessed as a family in many ways, and all of us ought to be very grateful to our kind Heavenly Father who is so good to us. I expect to go to Westtown this afternoon on the Committee. Well, I must close at present with our dear love.

I am thy very affectionate father,

T. Evans."

Not only do the letters to his children show tenderness and affection, but his attitude to those outside his family circle is equally revealing. One incident in particular goes to show the largeness of his sympathies. Toward the end of the Civil War, word was brought to Friends in Philadelphia that there were five

young conscientious objectors from North Carolina languishing in Fort Delaware which was then used as a prison by the Yankees. It appears that these five were forced into the Confederate army against their principles, and were then captured by northern soldiers. A committee was chosen, headed by Thomas Evans. President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton were visited on their behalf. After introducing the business on hand, they had a time of silence and Lincoln, who had listened to their request with the greatest attention, said that he felt the prayers of religiously minded people to have been the greatest help to him through his difficulties and trials. This visit evidently was successful, for the next scene shows our five young men, washed, fed, and clothed in cast-off clothing by the Wilmington Friends, sent on to Thomas Evans' home at 8th and Arch Streets. Here an eye witness tells of the remarkable appearance they cut in coats made of seersucker and something like pongee in which they apparently slept all night. The Evans family on returning from meeting were a trifle startled to find their visitors sitting on the front steps enjoying the sights of the city, with their clothes in a fearfully rumpled condition, and their feet quite guiltless of shoes and stockings. History

goes on to say that Catharine Evans gave them a thorough lecturing on the proprieties to be observed under her roof, and the five were doubtless duly chastened thereby. Westtown students from a distance also benefited by the hospitable home, and many a homesick child found a kindly interest taken in its griefs that lessened the pain and made a deep impression.

In 1847, while driving in the country, Thomas Evans was thrown and dragged by his horses, and as his spine was hurt and his health considerably undermined, the doctors advised a sea-voyage. Therefore in 1851, his oldest son, J. Wistar, was sent to Westtown, and the other four to Salem, and he and his wife embarked on the Cope packet "Wyoming," a sailing ship bound for London. Here he again fell sick, the water of London not agreeing with him, and so they removed to the Isle of Wight. The World's Fair was then in progress, and among other wonders, the Crystal Palace was on exhibit. Catharine Evans was able to do considerable sight seeing which her husband was forced to forego, but he doubtless enjoyed through her the wonders of the Fair, and of the then greatest city of the world. They visited many of the English Friends who had enjoyed their hospitality in Philadelphia, and made the return trip on a

steamboat about five months after they first left home. Thomas Evans's health was only very slightly improved by this trip, and he never after was able to make excursions of any duration. He had for some time been very solicitous that Friends of his generation should become more generally acquainted with the approved writings and lives of the men and women who had laid the foundation of the Society, and so in conjunction with his brother William, who had had the same concern, he published two works of fourteen and four volumes respectively. In reference to these he says:—

“The engagement has I hope been profitable to my own mind, impressing it afresh with the inestimable value of a religious life, and the support and consolation those are favored with upon a dying bed, who had endeavored to live in the fear and love of God. The dedication of my time and small abilities to a service which I hope may prove a means of promoting piety and virtue, when I am removed hence, has afforded me peace.”

Besides these eighteen volumes, he was author of “A Concise Account of the Religious Society of Friends”—“An Exposition of the Faith of the Religious Society of Friends”—“Youthful Piety,” etc.

The injury to his spine having produced a chronic affection of the heart and lungs he was often greatly prostrated thereby, and his life apparently threatened with speedy termination. In 1860 his life was despaired of more than once, but he felt himself that through the Divine Will there were yet further duties to perform and exercises to be endured, and that he was not yet to be permitted to die. He did recover and was once more able to mingle with his family and friends, but his energies were much wasted by the disease and it was evident his time was short. His breathing was so affected that it was difficult for him to engage in conversation, though he frequently made an effort to manifest by brief, affectionate, and interesting remarks that he entered into the feelings of those around him.

On the 21st of 5th month, 1868, he had a violent paroxysm of oppression, and when sufficiently recovered to be able to speak he said to his children, who were gathered round his bed: "I do not seem to have a great deal to say to you, dear children; it is not because my love for you has abated, but I have told you heretofore. It is only by unreserved obedience to your Saviour that you can grow up in truth. I have prayed for you many times, and nothing would rejoice me more in this life than to see you dedi-

cated, body, soul and spirit to Christ and to the promotion of His cause.”

Thus on the 25th of 5th month, 1868, passed into Life Eternal the spirit of a great man, leaving behind him many true mourners.

“And some who knew him stand with firmer feet,
With hearts more humble, and with sight
more sure,
Because, throughout the battle’s stress and heat,
They saw his soul grow stronger and more
pure.”

RACHEL WILSON

1720-1775

*"And something whispered in her thought,
More sweet than mortal voices be:
The service thou for Him has wrought,
O daughter! hath been done for me."*

J. G. W.

*"How beautiful to us should seem the coming
feet of such!
Their garments of self-sacrifice have healing
in their touch;
Their Gospel mission none may doubt,
for they heed the Master's call,
Who here walked with the multitude,
and sat at meat with all."*

J. G. W.

*"Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks
the stone,
In the deep sea of time, but the circle sweeps on;
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores
run,
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the
sun."*



KENDAL, ENGLAND, FROM CASTLE HILL 1834

RACHEL WILSON

THE PERIOD was the middle of the eighteenth century; the place was the romantic district of the English Lake country; but whether the fortunate dwellers at Hawkeshead or High Wray on the shores of Windermere, or in Kendal town appreciated the privilege of growing up amongst misty purple mountains and crystal lakes, we do not know.

Those with whom we are concerned were solid middle class Friends, Rachel's husband, Isaac Wilson, was a "Shearman Dyer" *i.e.* one whose trade it was to dress with shears the coarse woolen cloth, woven on cottage looms from the wool of mountain sheep, and to dye the same and generally prepare it for market.

Isaac Wilson and Rachel Wilson his wife were not related, but both belonged to families whose Quaker principles dated from the days of George Fox's wonderful progress through the country sixty years before. There were old men living who could remember the persecutions of the early days, and though the first enthusiasm of the "Publishers of Truth" did not descend to

their children, there was still much earnest concern to be found faithful and to follow the guidance of the divine Spirit.

Isaac Wilson had served his apprenticeship of seven years in Kendal and was established in business on his own account, when, at the age of twenty-five, he married Rachel Wilson, a young woman Friend who had just completed her twenty-first year but who had already been for three years an acknowledged minister.

The Friends of Kendal were an influential body, spite of the disabilities which still attached to them as dissenters from the Established Church. The meeting consisted of a goodly number of solid, substantial people engaged in the staple industries of the town. Kendal, as the commercial capital of a large wool-growing and leather producing district, though much smaller, was relatively more important than it now is. There was a large, well built Meeting house where numerous Wilsons, Whitwells, Bensons, Braithwaites, Crewdsons and others assembled on Firstdays, and already a good boys' school was established.

In this Quaker circle Isaac and Rachel Wilson brought up their seven beautiful daughters and two sons, protected from the godless atmosphere of George the Second's England.

Their children were born between the years 1740 and 1761, but in these twenty-one years there were also several religious journeys, for Rachel Wilson's ministry was evidently an integral part of her life. In 1744 and '45 she undertook a nine months' journey throughout England, in company with her friend Jane Rowlandson, afterwards Jane Crosfield, and it would almost seem that the journey would have been even longer but for the threatened invasion of England by Prince Charles Edward and his Scottish army.

Rachel reached her home in Ninth month, 1745, and two months later the invading army 6,000 strong marched through Kendal, halting there over the week-end. Several of Prince Charlie's staff officers were quartered on Isaac Wilson and the experience must have been a very strange one to the quiet Quaker household. Instead of Quaker relatives or still more quiet "visiting Friends" on their travels, they now entertained "the rollicking Highland officers, with their feathered bonnets, their bright tartans, jewelled brooches, sporrans and strong bare legs; the clank of their dirks and swords; their loud voices, often raised in dispute in an unknown tongue, and in execration of their 'King's' enemies. The Highlander is however a natural

gentleman, and we can imagine he would treat his sweet young Quaker hostess with chivalry, and would soon make friends with Dorothy and Deborah, aged 4 and 2½, who would doubtless be vastly interested in his strange equipment." Three weeks later, the same troops were back, fleeing before the pursuing forces of the Duke of Cumberland; all their high hopes blasted, and only disaster and defeat, Culloden and life-long exile before them.

After these exciting experiences, life at Kendal resumed its ordinary quiet routine; only diversified by domestic incident, the birth of another son or daughter, or the absence of the wife and mother on one of her frequent religious journeys.

In the present day many would question the "guidance" which would lead a mother to leave her young children for religious work, yet we do not think it strange that men and women, for business reasons, should live in the tropics and be necessarily separated for years from their children.

These children had a father who was one of a thousand in his tender care of them and as a matter of fact they do not seem to have suffered. They all grew up to be fine, strong, Christian men and women; all, that is, except Anthony, the second son, who seems to have been an in-

valid, ("scarce a day's health in ten years"), and who died at the age of eighteen. The seven daughters and the eldest son, John, all married, and at the present time the descendants of Isaac and Rachel Wilson are very numerous. It is interesting to note that most of them, whether Friends or not, are earnest Christians and many are engaged in active Christian work. This being so we must conclude that the example of their mother's religious zeal was a blessing to them and that the tradition of it, carried on down from parent to child, became a blessing to future generations.

In 1765 the eldest daughter, Dorothy, was married to John Whitwell and two years later the second, Deborah, was married to George Braithwaite, also of Kendal.

And now a more serious prospect was opening before Rachel Wilson's mind, no less than the concern to visit, in the love of the Gospel, Friends in the American Colonies.

The hard or easy was not a point to be considered when the Master called, and yet the physical difficulties to be overcome might well have given pause to one of weaker faith. In 1768 Rachel Wilson was 49 years old, the mother of nine children, with an invalid son whom it must have been hard to leave. She must go alone

and even the initial journey to London was by no means easy. Turnpike roads had only been known in the north of England for sixteen years. The first stage coach, called "The Flying Machine", had appeared in Kendal five years before. With its six horses and its hitherto unequalled speed, it was looked upon as the last word in rapid transit, yet even so the journey to London in the height of summer took four days and nights of steady travelling.

Rachel Wilson was better off in some respects than the ordinary traveller for she had friends and relatives in many of the towns through which she passed and her journal speaks of "Drinking tea at Cousin Whitwell's" in one place and of friendly greetings from others here and there, which must have cheered the lonely traveller.

The journal which she kept during her seventeen months' absence from England has been preserved as a family heirloom. It is contained in three closely written note books. It must often have been kept under great difficulties and we do not wonder to find it hard to decipher, owing to the quaint spelling, the frequent abbreviations and the general absence of punctuation marks.

The whole journal, however, together with the letters to her husband, testifies to the simple faithfulness with which Rachel Wilson carried

out her concern. The number of Friends in the American colonies at this time has been estimated as at least 50,000. They were located chiefly along the Atlantic seaboard, all the way from New England to South Carolina. In some places she was surrounded by all the comforts of prosperous colonial homes, at other times she was exposed to great hardships from bad weather, rough roads and pioneer conditions. There was a growing political unsettlement throughout the colonies. The Revolutionary war was yet seven years in the unknown future yet its approach was heralded by many signs.

The general state of religious life was low and the earnest members of Society concentrated their attention largely upon the maintenance of outward conformity in dress and language. A good moral life was required from the members with abstinence from worldly pleasures. On the whole then conditions were unfavorable for evangelistic efforts, yet in many places the English Friend found great readiness to hear her message; hundreds of Friends and others crowded to her meetings and followed her from place to place.

She often refers to this in her letters home, as in the following: "My knees have been many times ready to smite one against another, under

a sense of my own weakness, when I see such flockings to meetings, with people of all denominations, and their expectation too much upon the instrument, it was affecting work, yet great hath been the condescension of Merciful Goodness, in favoring the workmanship of His hand with a renewed visitation of His love."

Rachel Wilson landed at Newcastle, Del. in 10th month 1768, being nearly three months after she had left Kendal. The voyage had been prolonged by contrary winds at the outset and by much rough weather. She was the only woman passenger and had suffered much from seasickness, yet in the intervals many meetings had been held with the sailors, who "behaved well."

Her first experience of America was with the large meetings and closely settled districts around Philadelphia. Here she found many valuable Friends and was made to feel very much at home, yet occasionally she notes that things "felt low and discouraged" spiritually.

After visiting Wilmington, Burlington, Newcastle, Chester and many other meetings around Philadelphia, Rachel Wilson set forth to go by way of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina to Charleston which seems to have been the furthest point south reached by her. The journey

was made on horseback and there are frequent expressions of pleasure in her good horse: "I've got an excellent horse that carries me exceedingly easy." . . . "The American horses do exceed ours for ease." . . . "We have travelled upwards of 1300 miles. I've not seen anything since I came to America, I should like so well to bring home with me as my horse." &c.

From Charleston she wrote to her husband, giving some particulars as to her travelling companions and varied experiences:

"Charleston. 4th of 2nd. 1769.

In this wilderness country it hath been my lot to visit the back inhabitants in many places, where no English Friend had ever been before, under which have I been supported far beyond my expectation, both in body and mind. We were always kindly received and entertained, in the best manner they were capable of and which I was thankful for, having never been exposed to lie in the woods. Yet our men companions were one night, but I got under cover on a tolerable bed. My companions are in every respect agreeable. As to Samuel Morton, who gave up to come along with me from Philadelphia, he hath been of singular service to us. I have often had cause to believe he was of the Great Master's

preparing, as also Sarah Janney who hath been exceedingly serviceable to me and acceptable in meeting and out of meeting, her testimony sweet and lively though not very long. We have travelled in great unity, harmoniously laboring in the work of the Gospel."

This southern journey seems to have been very rough and exposing. Once after a snowstorm which had kept them housebound two days, on starting again through a deep snow, the horses were full of spirit from lack of exercise and Rachel Wilson's horse taking the bit in his teeth carried her under some low-branched trees so that she was swept from the saddle and pitched head foremost into a snowdrift. "Here," she quaintly says, "I must have perished if help had not been at hand. But my kind companion was soon off his horse, ready to assist, and being strong and willing to exert himself for my relief, soon got me out of the snow, and I found myself able to walk though my leg was much crushed. I got on my horse and made shift to ride 15 miles to one Samuel Woods that kept an inn, where they behaved kindly, and I had my leg bathed and gave it what relief I could. Having a mind to sit with the neighbours that were inclined to come, notice was given, and a large meeting we had in the evening, which the

great Master was pleased to own with His presence, to our admiration and comfort."

Another time she says: "William Pain set us to the river Don (twelve miles) which we ferried over, without much danger, though the river was high and the current rapid. We could not cross Hoggins Creek at the usual place, the waters were so high, yet we went by a bye path that night, fifteen miles in the woods with some difficulty, and lodged with a friendly man, a Presbyterian, whose name was Robert Hutfield, his son was remarkably kind and wished it had been in his power to do better for us; he gave up his own bed for my companion and me and spread skins upon the ground for Samuel, Micaijah and himself, that we got on tolerably well. In the morning he helped us over Hoggins Creek. He swam our horses and we went over on a log though not without fear; our saddle bags being first borne over: After that we got well to the main road, but the heavy rains had made them deep and troublesome."

One of the things which Rachel Wilson had dreaded on this southern journey was the contact with those who still owned slaves, as for instance at the Quarterly Meeting at New River, N. C., she says: "I had earnestly to desire we might walk worthy of the vocation whereunto

we were called in all humility and fear, and also to request them to keep their hands clear from purchasing negroes, as believing it never was intended for us to traffick with any part of the human species, and if there were no buyers, there would be no sellers, that where they were numerous religion was at a low ebb."

At this very time the saintly John Woolman was pursuing his anti-slavery propaganda, and Friends were being led to think very seriously on their responsibility to the "blacks."

On her way North Rachel Wilson called upon the distinguished Virginia statesman, Patrick Henry, at this time only 32 years old, but already famous for his Stamp Act speech of 1765. The entry in her journal is as follows:

"3rd mo. 31st. 1769. On our return to our quarters at night we called by the way to see one of the Assembly Men, who was a man of great moderation, and had appeared in Friends' behalf. His name is Patrick Henry. He received us with great civility, and we had an open time in his family, after which he made some sensible remarks."

So far no news from the Kendal home had reached the wanderer. It was almost eight months from the summer day in the previous year when she had parted from her husband at

Lancaster before the first longed-for letters were received. The news was good and thankfulness filled her heart. These long silences must have been not least among the trials of the journey.

Returning to Philadelphia she again spent some time in visiting the adjacent meetings and then proceeded through New Jersey, New York, and Rhode Island to Boston. When passing through "Princetown," she received a request from the students of the college that a meeting might be appointed for them. It was signed by fifty-one students and dated, Nassau Hall,—May 20th. 1769. The Meeting was held "To pretty good satisfaction, though so crowded that a good part stood. The students behaved well and several came and spoke to me."

A very interesting part of Rachel Wilson's travels was her visit to Nantucket, and as it is in many points typical of her whole journey and has never, so far as I know, been printed, I will quote the whole narrative taken from the journal without judgment or alterations.

"On third day morning early intending to go on board for Nantucket we got there, but it being thick and heavy and no wind we did not heave anchor till about 8 and at 2 the tide running strong against us, Durst not venture through Woods Hole so cast anchor just by Eliz. Island.

Several of our company went ashore and picked us strawberries. When the tide turned we got through with a small breeze. The wind increasing it was thought we Probably might Reach Nantucket by ten at night. Our Captain Jon Huss was cautious of acting without knowing my mind in passing by Martha's Vineyard in which only one Friend's family Lived and Weighing the Matter Carefully I found it my place to let em know I had more freedom to stop there than to go forward in the night as we were upwards of 20 passengers it would be very inconvenient if we were confined to the sloop, and I believed it would be best for us to go on shore. The wind being fair, the Captain's son-in-law seemed desirous to go forward and made some of the Passengers Uneasy, alledging the wind might be against us in the morning and we might lie there for sometime. I had no fear on my mind, as my trust was in Him at whose command the wind and seas obeyed, and mine eye single to His bidding which I always found answered in every respect; tho' reasoning is sometimes like to get in as at this time; it was suggested "How if they all stay through thee and anything should happen, what a reflection that will be to the Great Cause thou art engaged in," but keeping still my mind was supported. I said, "Thou

knows O Lord I have but one view, Thy Glory and the good of souls," and fear fled from me. Our Captain as soon as we got near land ordered two of the hands to put him ashore in the boat before the sloop would get to a place proper to anchor. It being near sundown and no time to spend in collecting the inhabitants together as I found an inclination to sit with em, which proved useful; he did get pretty general notice before we landed, and several came to the Friend's house,—his name David Coffin, where we had free opportunity to declare the way of Life and Salvation and the people behaved well. Thus all turned out to satisfaction, having pretty good accommodations. In the morning we got early aboard, having good wind in our favour, we got safe to Nantucket about 11 in the morning, the Friend and his wife coming along with us, that our calling had its service in many respects for which may I bless the great Name that hath thus far proved Both by sea and Land to His own Praise and my unspeakable Comfort.

"At Nantucket we were received kindly by our Friends. We lodged with Wm. Kitch and wife; her sister Sarah Barney being mostly with us, a Valuable Friend who accompanied us to 6 Families 4 of which one or more had been confined to the house for some time, to whom our

visit was truly acceptable the Lord's good Presence Being with us to our great Refreshment. On 6th came on their Early (?Yearly) Meeting. A Meeting for worship first at II o'clock which was pretty large. Ye first yt opened was a woman from Swansea in few words, then John Penn upon Spiritual worship. My mind being deeply engaged under ye sense of ye state of that Meeting, told em if I had judged by the Sight of the Eye I should have thought what I had to deliver scarcely Proper for that auditory (sic) but such as I had I gave freely, which was the Exhortation of our dear Lords 'If thy brother hath anything against thee go first Reconcile thy self to thy Brother Before thou offerest thy gift at the altar,' showing that our gifts could not be acceptable whilst hardness remained one against another, which I was enabled to get clear through and ye Meeting ended in prayer and praise.

"We dined with Jonathan Macy, drank tea with Sarah Barney. Visited a sick woman that had been seized with blindness and scarcely got her mind reconciled to her condition but I hope our visit had its service. On seventhday the Meeting for Ministers and elders at 8, tho few in number Satisfactory. At eleven a Public Meeting in which my companion first appeared, then

J. P. After I stood up with that of the near union there was betwixt Christ and His church which was set forth in the Language of the Spouse, My Beloved is mine and I am His, upon which I was enlarged beyond expectation, that our minds was filled with humble thankfulness in which I was made use of as a mouth to the people. . . . The weather warm and the Meeting crowded.

“We dined with Janet Starbuck, after visited three families to satisfaction. On Firstday 2 large Meetings, on Secondday at 8 the adjourned Meeting of Ministers, At II o’clock ye Publick came on and after, Business, in all which we were greatly favoured with the overshadowings of Devine Goodness to our Mutual Comfort. We visited three sick Friends that evening after being in hopes we might have been at liberty to have left ye Island Early next morning, but my soul was weighted down under oppression, not knowing the cause yet earnestly Desiring I might Stay till ye End of my coming was fully answered. In ye evening the thing was cleared up; a difference having Subsisted for many years that a Committee was appointed from ye Quarterly Meeting in order to get the Parties concerned to Submit to Refer, which they had used their endeavors for without the Desired success.

Finding my mind engaged to join Em with my Companion and I. Pemberton, Truth favouring our labour was not in vain. They all agreed and arbitration bonds was Drawn and Signed to our Admiration and thankfulness, for which the great Name was praised.

“Expecting we might have been at Liberty to have Left ye Island—but when we got up the Wind was again against us and other Business fell to our Lot. A Disagreeable Affair that had caused great warmth amongst em and was also become the Quarterly Meeting’s Business. tho imprudently introduced that had occasioned great Disputes. A Friend had visited Em that Requested a Certificate if they Could Do it with Freedom but rather to Omit it than to Occasion Divisions amongst them selves, which if it had been Regarded would have prevented a great Deal of Trouble, for some Friends had taken great Offence at what he had delivered, and others zealous for a Certificate that an Open Breach was made, the Enemy Being never Awaiting to improve every Opportunity to ye Exaltation of his Kingdom and laying waist ye Work of God. that we found it our Places to enquire into ye Matter and endeavour to stop any further progress in it as it would neither tend to the Honour of Society nor peace of individuals

to go much further, as a Certificate for ye Friend seemed Rather out of Date then, That if they could be brought to acknowledge Both Parties had Missed it and Beg of the Quarterly Meeting to pass it by, which was in good measure effected and they hoped it would be teaching to em for the future.—

“Having got these troublesome matters settled by the assistance of Divine Wisdom which was sensibly experienced upon ye occasion we came away on fifthday morning on board Jon Huss’ vessel who had waited for us. and landed at Woodse’s Hole about 5 in the Evening. where we had a Meeting in ye town Tavern to good satisfaction, there being but one family of Friends there and their house small. Two Friends from Dartmouth having brought our horses, we came 5 miles after to Stephen Bowerman’s.—”

It was in Eighth month that the visit to Nantucket was made and Rachel Wilson spent several weeks longer in New England and New York. At the close of Ninth month she was again in Philadelphia, writing on Ninth month, 27th to her husband:

“I now expect about five weeks will set me at liberty; . . . sometime in the Eleventh month I expect to embark upon the Pennsylvania Packet

(Captain Falkner), in which I seem to have as much freedom to return as I had to come, which is cause for thankfulness, yet I hope your prayers will be put on my account; . . . It is now 12 o'clock and my engagements have been pretty close all day, that a little rest seems necessary, that I cannot add much more at present." . . .

This last letter is marked by Isaac Wilson,

"Recd. the 22nd of 12th mo. 7 days after my Dear's return home. Her labors seem to have been much appreciated by Friends generally and she received many 'Returning Minutes' from Yearly and Quarterly Meetings which she had attended, speaking in warm terms of her gospel service among them. Many very affectionate letters too have been preserved from those whom she had visited or from others asking for advice or help in personal difficulties. A sentence from one of these letters may be quoted as typical of others:

"Thou can scarcely conceive the Regard and Affection thy Friends and acquaintances on this side the water entertain for thee; the frequent inquiries after & solicitude expressed for thy welfare often occur & the remembrances of the eminent qualifications with which thou wast endowed, when on this side the water, teach us

who are far behind, to redouble our diligence." . .

The arrival at home is told by herself in the following to one of her American travelling companions:

"Kendal. 25th. 12th. mo. 1769.

"We landed at Deal early in the morning of the 10th inst; came to Canterbury Meeting where Friends seemed much rejoiced to see me, that night to Dartford & on Second day morning to London about 9, thus I got in good time to the morning meeting which was owned with the Great Master's presence to our mutual comfort and edification. . . . The Pennsylvania Packet got up that night, that I got my things on Third day, and left town that night—Richard Chester and wife, John Roberts and son accompanying Nancy and me to St. Albans, to be ready for the Kendal Coach on 4th day morning. We passed the evening very agreeably. The Coach called for us about 6 next morning. . . . Our Coach companions proved agreeable. We got safe to Lancaster about 2 on Seventh day following, where my dear husband met us, in perfect health, only the joy upon the occasion had like to have been too much for him, which he soon recovered & we got safe to our own habitation about 7, where I found all my children and family

well. . . . It was about 5 weeks and 2 days from my leaving Philadelphia to the reaching my own habitation—a shorter time than common. . . . My dear love in the nearest manner to every branch of your family, Samuel Morton and wife, Brother John and his, Israel Pemberton & his united family, James, John & theirs, Sarah and D. Morris, John Morris and his, Anthony Morris and his, Thos. Clifford & his, Anthony Benezet and his with Rebecca Jones and any other that may enquire.”

So ends the story of this venture of faith, but who shall measure the harvest from the seed that was thus prayerfully sown and watered?

Rachel Wilson only lived four and a half years after her return to England. She had a prolonged and somewhat serious illness in 1774 and also suffered a family bereavement in the early death of her eldest daughter, Dorothy Whitwell, who left four small children, the youngest a new-born baby girl.

In First month of the following year, 1775, she went to London on a religious visit, was taken ill there and died after a six weeks' illness on Third mo. 18th. 1775.

Isaac Wilson, who had been with his wife during most of her illness, wrote thus of the close:

"The two last letters I wrote would make you apprehensive of and look for the account I have now to transmit viz. the affecting intelligence of your dear mother being removed from us about one o'clock this morning. For about twenty-four hours of the time, after I wrote last, she was very light headed, almost without intermission. This was a distressing dispensation to me & tended to fill my mind with thankfulness when I perceived her drawing away & becoming still, which happened about three hours before she drew her last, which she did very quietly. . . . We have decided to have the funeral on Fifth day next."

An "Epitaph on Rachel Wilson" by Mary Barnard, contains the following in the somewhat stilted language of the period:

"Reader if thou art blessed with affluence, if Providence has multiplied thy possessions, let her willingness to share the calamities of others, and her liberal endeavors to remove the burden of indigence, animate to diligence in thy extensive stewardship; for her social conduct was ever actuated by a diffusive spirit of benevolence, and her house was munificently hospitable. If thou art united in thy nearest alliance, if thy importance is rendered still greater by a rising offspring, few surpassed her in maternal tender-

ness fulfilling every domestic duty with uncommon alacrity."

Lastly I will quote from the account of Rachel Wilson in "Piety Promoted" where the writer after dwelling on her early life and ministry continues:

"She was a loving wife, an affectionate parent, a kind & helpful neighbor, tenderly sympathizing with the afflicted and frequent in visiting the sick, in which visits she was very serviceable, often administering comfort to the drooping, distressed mind."

"In the course of her religious duty she came to London about the first month 1775. . . .

"She entered into her service with great humility, visited most of the Friends' Meetings in the city, and finding her mind concerned for the inhabitants of Gravesend, (having had two meetings with them when she embarked for America,) she went again to visit them. She was gladly received, and held two meetings in the Town Hall, where through divine favor, she was helped through her service to her own peace, and the comfort of many present.

"She afterwards attended several weekday meetings, in the last of which, at Devonshire House, she was clothed with divine love, in an encouraging testimony to the honest hearted.

“The next day, being the 4th of Second mo. she was taken ill & was confined wholly to her chamber, and mostly to her bed for six weeks; during which time she was favored with quietness of mind; expressed her resignation either to live or to die; and requested her husband, who attended upon her a great part of the time, that he would tell their children, that it was her great desire that they might, above every consideration, mind the one thing needful, which having been her care, was her unspeakable consolation. . . .”

The last words she was heard to say were, “Good Tidings.”

DAVID SANDS

1745-1818

*“Lord of life and death,
We, thy children and the work of thy Hands,
Come unto Thee to ask for Thy Grace this day;
That being breathed upon by Thy Spirit,
We may be ordained Thy ministers;
And go forth to serve Thee all the day long,
Faithfully, humbly, victoriously.”*

JOHN S. HOYLAND.

*“Grant that we may walk amongst men
Thy messengers, thy warriors,
Thy perfect knights,
Thy ministers consecrated to Thy service,
Serving Thee with unswerving loyalty and
single eyed devotion.
Existing only to live forth Thy life in Thy
world,
To fight Thy battles,
To be ourselves Thy weapons, Thy tools, Thy
hands,
To love Thee, to toil with Thee, to die for Thee.
Take us, O Lord, this day,
And use us as Thou wilt, in the cause of Thy
eternal kingdom.”*

JOHN S. HOYLAND.

DAVID SANDS

JOSHUA ROWNTREE reminds us, that George Fox as a young man declared—"We are nothing, Christ is all"; and as an older man wrote to his followers, "All of you live and walk in Christ Jesus, that nothing may be between you and God, but Christ, in whom we have salvation, life, rest, and peace with God." The "life, faith and thought" of the Christians of the first century was the heart of the message of this 18th century disciple, whose life we now review. He early dedicated himself to the Lord, "whom having not seen he loved." He offered himself and his all for "The mighty ordination of the pierced hands," dying daily to his own ease and personal comforts that he might preach Christ, not only crucified but risen and alive forever more.

David Sands was born at Cowneck, L. I., Tenth month, 4th, 1745. Little is known of the life of the family at this time, other than that his parents were thoughtful people—members of the Presbyterian Church. When David was about 14 years of age they moved to Cornwall, N. Y. Here he shared in the hardships incident to

pioneer life, assisting in all the farm work. His great regret was that in so thinly settled a country he was deprived of an opportunity for intellectual development, as schools were few as well as distant. In the evening after the day's labors were completed young David would frequently be found with a Latin book, studying it alone by the light of the pine knots in the great fireplace in the household living-room. We certainly admire the ambition and perseverance of the boy who unaided made remarkable progress under these unfavorable conditions.

He was early visited by his Heavenly Father in such a way that he was led into earnest seeking, that he might have an experimental knowledge of what it was to be a true Christian rather than merely a nominal one. His inward exercises increased, and after several years of great anxiety of mind, and while thus searching for light, he one day heard of a meeting appointed by Samuel Nottingham, a Friend from England, which he attended and there heard religious views and principles so in accord with his own exercised mind that he was deeply impressed, but the possibility of becoming interested in Quakers was exceedingly distasteful to him.

Perhaps it was a year or more after this occasion that he heard of a Friend, by the name of



THE HOME OF DAVID SANDS.

(Built in 1732 by the Hallack family, into which family he married. The house was restored by the Village Improvement Society in 1912, and is today (1926) in excellent preservation.)

Hallack, who had come from near their old home in Long Island to reside about twelve miles from them, bringing a large family of children, one of whom was afterward to become his wife. Before long he visited them that he might inquire further into the faith and life of Friends. Here he had another opportunity of attending a meeting held in Edward Hallack's home. This was followed by much religious conversation which had the effect of still further attracting him to Friends and he began to feel that he should ultimately unite with them when more fully prepared. He was invited to attend a Monthly Meeting held at Nine Partners. Here he met other Friends and obtained a further knowledge of the Society. Within the following year he became fully satisfied that only by joining with these people could he obtain the favor of his Heavenly Father.

In the twenty-first year of his age he was received into membership in Nine Partners Monthly Meeting. In the Eleventh month of 1771 he was married to Clementine Hallack. Their home for the rest of his life was in a house (still standing) on his father's farm. It at once became a centre of religious influence and in it a meeting was promptly established in which they were soon joined by others in the vicinity, as well

as by new families of Friends who gradually moved into their neighborhood. It was not long before David Sands felt he was entrusted with messages from his Heavenly Father, and in 1775 he was recorded a minister. At the same Monthly Meeting he received a "minute" liberating him to attend and appoint meetings for worship, and make family visits in and near Newport, R. I.

Not long after his return home he obtained permission from his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings to perform a similar service throughout the New England States. His wish was not only to meet with Friends but he had perhaps a greater call among those of other religious denominations. In one of the wilderness localities where he had held a number of meetings a man who was the local magistrate, Remmington Hobby by name, whose home was more comfortable than most, realizing David Sands and his companion were very poorly accommodated, suggested to his wife that they invite the Quakers to their house, to which she readily consented. A messenger was sent with the invitation which they gladly accepted. On their arrival they were invited into the living room, which also served for the kitchen of the household. Probably they were under much exercise of mind, for they remained so quiet

their host thought they were not pleased at being entertained in this way, and had a fire made in another room, to which they were asked. Here again the same silent and serious manner was maintained, so that perhaps we can understand something of the displeasure the magistrate felt, and thought to himself, "These men are certainly fools or take me to be one." At this moment David Sands turned and looking earnestly in his face in a most solemn manner said, "Art thou willing to be a fool?" "Art thou willing to become a fool for Christ's sake?" He went on to speak to him with such power that the man was convinced these were no ordinary guests. He gladly offered them the use of his house in which to hold meetings, and he accompanied them as they appointed others, becoming fully convinced of the truths and principles they set forth. He soon became a member among Friends and later a minister who travelled diligently in the service of his Lord. He remarked on one occasion he felt his "house had become almost as an inn where he could make but short stays." Long afterward when David Sands was again visiting in New England, Remmington Hobby became his faithful companion in his various exercises and travels.

At the time of which we are speaking David

Sands spent over two years in this wilderness country where he sometimes found Friends' families and more often where there were none. He was frequently obliged to walk many weary miles through unbroken forests, at times needing the use of an axe to break a way for his horse to follow him, or riding or leading him on the ice across rivers or lakes through deep snows, and for long distances with no shelter, exposed to all kinds of weather. In the rude huts or cabins in which he would find entertainment, with very insufficient accommodations for a tired traveller, his kindly manner insured a welcome and he rejoiced in all these opportunities of pointing to Him who said, "I am the way to the Father who loveth us."

Is our imagination equal to picturing the self sacrifice and zeal required in thus carrying the Quaker message *in those days?*

Meantime the Revolutionary War was in progress and his home neighborhood had become a scene of military activity incident upon the occupancy of both the American and British forces. It was rumored that he had left home to join the English Army as a spy. Word to this effect was sent to the Continental forces encamped not far away whereupon a guard of fifty men was stationed about his house. Their

attitude was hostile as they refused to believe the statements made by Clementine Sands as to the cause of her husband's absence. Her friends became alarmed for her safety and that of her children, and urged her to remove from the neighborhood. This increased her distress and she felt greatly at a loss to know what course to follow. One day as she retired to her room to seek for guidance, on opening her Bible her attention was directed to the words in the 27th Psalm; "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Her mind at once became quieted and all fear and anxiety were at an end. Later she showed an officer a letter she had just received from her husband. (opportunities for sending mail were very infrequent we must remember.) This seemed to satisfy those in authority and the guard was withdrawn. After this a number of those stationed in the neighborhood attended the little Friend's Meeting and became interested in Friendly literature loaned to them.

David Sands returned from this extended journey in the New England States to find his family had been held in the hollow of the Father's hand and he himself preserved from dangers seen and unseen.

He now enjoyed some stay in his home, diligent in attending to the interests and duties of his meeting and community. During this time in a mid-winter night his wife was alarmed in hearing a noise she could not understand. Her husband sought to allay her fears but as they were endeavoring to determine the cause of the unusual sound they heard a rough voice outside of their door say, "Someone is awake, we will shoot them." Their room being on the first floor he and his wife made their escape through a window when one of the masked intruders fired upon them, a bullet grazing David's forehead. The night being bitterly cold, and they scantily clad, they suffered severely before dawn when they returned to find clothing, bedding and furniture had been removed. David Sands at once visited a camp not many miles distant and discovered the robbery of the night before was known to those in authority. They were glad to consult with him as to the best means of detecting the guilty ones. He told them if the soldiers could be drawn up in ranks he believed by following Divine Guidance he could designate those who had entered his home some hours previously, though he had not seen one of them. The men were accordingly lined up, and David Sands walked slowly past them, finally stopping

before one of them and looking intently at him said, "Where wast thou last night?" "Keeping Guard," was the reply, "and a cold night it was," but as he spoke he trembled so violently he thus betrayed himself and was immediately ordered out of the ranks and put under arrest. In the same way four others were identified. David then spoke to a young officer standing near and expressed his surprise that he should have been one of the company who had entered his home. Of course he denied the charge as such an offense was punishable by death. David Sands placed his hand over the young man's heart which by its rapid pulsation became his own accuser. When the intruders were brought to trial, he was not willing to appear against them and they were all taken to his home in order that he might determine their sentence. After giving them suitable and appropriate advice he had refreshments served, while tears of gratitude were in evidence. His wife said to one of them, "Thou art he who shot at us," at which her husband remarked, "he has been told that before." Years later this man gladly entertained David Sands while he was travelling in a foreign land.

We find him next in Philadelphia and vicinity diligent in attending meetings and making family visits, again feeling much drawn to the un-

churched. On one occasion he attended an evening meeting at the High Street Meeting House. He arose with the words, "It is appointed to all men once to die, and after that the judgment"—going on to say, "There is something like death imprinted on your houses in measure according to the value you set upon them, the hand writing upon the wall is found upon your pleasant streets, what sins were committed in Sodom that are not committed here? Before long these things shall come to pass." We can but dimly imagine the effect of this prophetic utterance upon his audience, neither can we appreciate the trial of faith it must have been to him to have delivered it. This was shortly before the terrible scourge of yellow fever in 1793.

After some months spent in and about Philadelphia he returned to his home for a brief period where he enjoyed the companionship of his family and friends. He was ever alert to be about his Father's business and so in the spring of 1794 we find him giving up his all, in obeying the still small voice now calling him across the seas.

He sailed for England from Halifax and had been out but three days when the vessel ran into a violent storm. He went on deck in the gray twilight of an early morning and saw with dis-

may the dim outlines of the shore with rocky cliffs, "as high as our masts," toward which they were being driven by raging seas and fierce winds, beating the rain and hail in their faces so that it was with difficulty they could see anything. The captain and seamen were all so panic stricken they were utterly incapable of performing their duties and indeed seemed to have no intelligent idea of what to do, but gladly accepted the advice of David Sands as to the management of the vessel, he himself personally assisting although repeatedly thrown with violence upon the deck.

At the moment when their destruction seemed inevitable the wind changed and they drifted into a safe landing place. This unexpected detention in his proposed European trip resulted in many months being spent in revisiting meetings and families in the northern part of New England. In one place he says, "I found things greatly altered since my first visit here, being now a pretty large Monthly Meeting where there was not the face of a Friend to be seen when I first visited in this part of the country, but rather a hard warlike people addicted to many vices, but now become a solid body of Friends." Most emphatically he followed the examples of the Apostles when they said, "Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have

preached the word of the Lord and see how they do."

It was a great trial of his faith thus to be detained from starting on his contemplated journey to England and the Continent, but he felt it distinctly the leading of his Lord, and the time thus spent, especially among those not of our Society, seemed singularly blessed.

When this service was completed he finally sailed for Liverpool in 1795. In order that he might not miss any opportunity of spreading the glad message of a Redeemer's love he held meetings during the long voyage and availed himself of every opening for sowing the seed of the Kingdom.

As the husbandman purgeth the fruit-bearing branch that it may bear more fruit, so at times our Heavenly Father tests the faith of his children by chastenings and provings that they may be prepared for the service to which he is calling them. Thus it was with David Sands, while on this voyage he passed through severe spiritual baptisms and felt that he could not rise above the buffetings that were allowed to assail him. This experience was succeeded by a wonderful calm and increase of faith such as he had never before known.

Upon landing he traveled up and down Eng-

land and also in Wales, Scotland and Ireland, attending and appointing meetings, proclaiming the message of salvation through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, then crossing over to Holland, Germany and France, sometimes spending weeks and months in one locality. His ministry was of a searching and awakening character, accompanied with a large degree of the Divine anointing. There were times when he attended two or three meetings a day for weeks together and the gatherings were often so crowded there was not standing room. They sometimes continued for three hours in great solemnity and many tears were shed. It was not only weeks and months that he thus spent his energies and exercised his spirit, but for years he dedicated himself to this service, feeling as John Oxenham expresses it,

“For all the world is naught, and less than
naught,
Compared with this,—
That my dear Lord with his own life my
ransom bought;
And I am His!”

In all these incessant and arduous labors he was strikingly humble, recognizing that it is not by works of righteousness that we have done

that we shall be counted worthy of an entrance into the Kingdom of the Ages. (As Weymouth puts it.) In this day of emphasis being stressed on "Service" and a "Way of life" do we not need to realize these should be the *natural results* of dedicated life? The fruit does not produce the tree, but the tree produces the fruit.

We remember that as a boy and young man David Sands was ever alert for intellectual improvement, and his keen mind he felt was a talent for the development of which he was responsible. At one time while visiting in Philadelphia he was presented with several volumes of religious history written in Low Dutch. On his return home he began at once to study them, and in a few months he was able to read most of the New Testament in that language. When he reached Germany this knowledge enabled him very soon to speak to the people in their own tongue. How little he realized as he was alone pursuing his studies at home that he was preparing himself for service in a foreign land.

After leaving the Continent he again spent much time in the British Isles revisiting many localities where he had labored several years previously, before going to the Continent. On one occasion as he was returning from Scotland, worn in body and mind, he was inwardly directed

to go to the home of a Friend in England who had been abundantly blessed in material wealth. He introduced himself as a pilgrim who had been sent there to rest awhile. The Friend ordered him housed in the servants' quarters. It was not long before the wife of his host, appreciating his spiritual and intellectual attainments, became concerned at this treatment and procuring suitable clothing for him, asked her husband to allow him to come to their table and mingle with them, which request was granted though with reluctance. He regularly attended their meeting walking the distance from their home to the Meeting house, his hosts passing him in their elegant equipage with coachman and footman in livery. There were four children in this family who had but recently returned from a stay in Paris where they had been sent that they might be taught the customs of fashionable society. One morning at the breakfast table David spoke of his desire to visit in a country neighborhood many miles distant and was much pleased to have the Friend offer to send him; when however he discovered it was to be in one of the handsome carriages with a coachman in attendance, he felt he must decline to go in such a luxurious manner. It was finally arranged that the eldest two of the young people of the family should accompany him, travelling

in an inconspicuous way, and thus he set off with his gay companions.

By the time they returned the children had a new vision of life, and its meaning, and aims, and were glad to accept the principles they had been hearing, and seeing consistently lived out in their new companion. It was not long before it became known that he had a desire to visit in quite another direction and plans were suggested for the accomplishment of this concern which terminated in the two younger children acting as his escorts, the father remarking, "I suppose they too will return Quakers." The entire family became dedicated followers of their Lord earnestly engaged in spreading the Redeemer's Kingdom.

While in the City of Dublin he was detained several months at the home of a Friend, on account of illness. While here he was brought into near sympathy with those by whom he was surrounded, as it was during this period that the rebellion of 1798 broke out. There were many executions, many were banished to penal settlements, others fled to England or America. When he was sufficiently recovered he was again diligent in attending meetings, although the country was in a very turbulent condition. In one place he speaks of having to assist in removing dead

bodies from the road in order to make a way for their conveyance.

Not only was Ireland rent with Civil War at this time, but the Society of Friends was passing through a serious season in the insidious undermining of its faith in the all sufficiency of our Lord and Saviour, and the efficacy of His propitiatory sacrifice. Those who stood on the original foundation of our faith were comforted by his ministry, and others who were in danger of drifting from their former moorings were greatly strengthened.

During one of his rides through a country district, as dusk was coming on, he suddenly had the impression he must stop and give notice that he would hold a meeting there that evening. His companions discouraged this, reminding him it was a thinly populated section and as it was stormy there would probably be very few attending, to this he responded, "The good Shepherd would be there to meet with the few," and he insisted that the meeting must be held. The gathering was much larger than anticipated and settled at once into a solemn silence, which was broken by his repeating the words:—"Resist the devil and he will flee from you, turn unto Him who is able and willing to save, although your

sins be as scarlet He will make them white in the blood of the Lamb," and added that he believed there was some one present who had been tempted to take his own life. Soon after the close of the meeting a man came to him and with great emotion told him his message was for him, that he had the instrument of death in his pocket, but hearing of the meeting he had come in, that he might become quieted and calmed before the close of his life. Now, he said: "I bless God that He has made you the means of saving my life, as well as my immortal soul." Thus are the Lord's faithful messengers led by a way they know not in performing His errands.

In the Spring of 1804, ten years from the time David Sands had left his family, he thankfully, and with a heart at peace, turned his face toward his home, where he rejoiced in a reunion with his wife and children and many warm friends.

After his return from his long journeyings he deeply appreciated a period of rest and quiet,—but before long he again responded to his Father's call to revisit Philadelphia and New York, and go on to Canada. He spent months among the French along the St. Lawrence River, and in Quebec.

His last journey was through New England, where he had the great satisfaction of finding

Monthly and Quarterly Meetings established where he had travelled years before through an unbroken country, often where no minister had ever been. His great desire was that at home and abroad there might be an increase of the Kingdom of Christ and of the religious Society of which he was a member, and whose principles he believed to be identical with the early apostolic faith.

His life of 73 years was most of it spent in missionary work at home and abroad, and he desired that he might be of service to the end, which wish was granted. After but a few days of illness,—“he was not, for God took him” to be forever with the Lord whom he had so devotedly loved and served.

“They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, forever and ever.”



NATHAN HUNT.

NATHAN HUNT

1758-1853

Quotation from a letter written by Nathan Hunt to his wife.

Phila., 4-15-1804.

"In the cordial flowings of that love that often increased our joy into a river of pleasure, making hard things easy, and bitter cups sweet, I salute thee and all our beloved children with heartfelt solicitude that you may be the redeemed of the Lord; sitting in the tent-door of watchfulness, that you may be preserved from everything which might in any way hurt that pure seed which I desire above all other things to cherish in you. May you in every movement honour that calling for the sake of which I have left all, and am subjected to deep exercises, regarding not my life, so that I may win precious souls to Christ."

NATHAN HUNT

THERE lived over a century and a half ago in the mountains of North Carolina, Guilford County, a member of the Society of Friends who was called a "Prince among men." So great was his spiritual power at the age of ninety that young and old alike considered it a great privilege to hear him preach.

It seems worth our while to pause in the hurry and bustle of our lives today to recall some of the interesting facts concerning the life of this fine old Quaker saint, Nathan Hunt, and to consider the influences which helped to mould his character.

Jacob Hunt, who was Nathan's paternal grandfather, was not a member of the Society of Friends. He settled on Rancocas Creek, New Jersey, about 1700 where in 1733 his son William was born. While William was yet a lad his father and mother, who had moved to Pennsylvania, died, and William went to live in North Carolina with an aunt who was a very strict Friend. It is not recorded that he joined the Friends, but he was accepted by common consent

as one of them because he was a very "serious-minded" child.

He began "speaking in meeting" at the age of fifteen: the Elders encouraged him and his gift developed rapidly. It is interesting to note in William Hunt's memoirs that he himself felt that his progress was not a healthy growth as he was sometimes filled with vanity which destroyed his spiritual power. However, at the age of twenty his gift was recorded and he became one of the most eminent ministers of his time.

William Hunt and his wife settled on a farm two miles from the New Garden Meeting house, Guilford Co., North Carolina. He was so dedicated to the service of the Master that at one time he had preached in nearly all the Friends' Meeting houses in America.

His son, Nathan Hunt, was born the twenty-sixth of the Tenth month in the year 1758. He was the third child in a family of eight.

As Nathan's father was so frequently away from home on religious visits much devolved upon the mother of this large family. Her name was Sarah Mills Hunt, she must have been a fine character. (We will quote what her son says of her later on.)

William Hunt, the father, was a first cousin

and contemporary of that remarkable man, John Woolman. They were doubtless very congenial spirits. We find that William Hunt was released in the year 1770 to visit Friends of the British Isles, but so great was his concern for the meetings of his own country that the whole of the winter of 1770 and 1771 was spent in company with his nephew, Thomas Thornburgh, in visiting Friends of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, the island of Nantucket, New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island before he set sail for England. This proved to be his last Gospel mission.

After spending nearly a year visiting Friends of Ireland and England, and attending London Yearly Meeting, William Hunt died in England in 1772 as a result of that fatal disease small-pox. His beloved cousin, John Woolman, who was also in England for religious service, died a few months later of the same disease. Friends of England felt great sympathy for the widow and children of William Hunt as is evidenced by a beautiful letter written by Esther Tuke to William Hunt's children which contains grateful acknowledgment of their father's services in England as well as loving admonition that they follow in his footsteps.

Returning to the subject of this sketch we find

Nathan at the age of fourteen deprived of a father's love and advice. We know that he must have been deeply impressed by his father's character and that he cherished his memory about the home. He says of his mother: "The death of my father left my widowed mother with a large family to care for. We had many difficulties and trials to contend with. The country was thinly settled, the Meeting house was two miles away; when meeting day came my mother would ride the horse with one child before and another behind her, while the older ones walked. She never failed to attend meeting when she was able to do so; although she never spoke in any open meeting, the action of her daily life was a continual sermon to me."

He further records: "As a child I loved to be alone and at the age of seven years I was impressed with the belief that if I was faithful I should one day have to preach the Gospel. I was by nature very volatile and much inclined to childish lightness, but I can remember my mind was often seriously impressed while sitting in meetings or attending funerals. About the age of twelve while in the circle of my youthful friends and the ring leader of their mirth and jollity, I have at different times been broken into tears and have had to leave them suddenly."

From time to time he would feel that tendering influence but he put it off, yet he had the hope and assurance that he was not forsaken. He testifies that he was mercifully preserved from what the world would term "gross evils" and was faithful to plainness of speech and apparel. Doubtless the death of his father and the sense of responsibility which it caused him to feel for his mother and the little brothers and sisters made him unusually thoughtful for one of his years, and developed the strong traits of character which predominated in so many of the early pioneers of the wilderness.

There were few schools in those early days of the Society. Quoting from Nathan Hunt's memoirs: "I never went to school but six months in my life. A Presbyterian minister, a Dr. Caldwell,* who lived three miles away, told me to come to his library and get any book I wanted, and when I had read it to return it and get another. When we children were going home from our daily work, we would pick up pine knots and dry sticks of wood, so that when we had done our chores, we could collect around the

* (He often spoke of his gratitude to Dr. Caldwell who later became President of the Chapel Hill University of North Carolina. Most of the great men of the South of that period were Dr. Caldwell's pupils.)

blazing fagots and read our books, while mother spun on her little wheel."

"I observed the language of these books" he says, "and cultivated the habit of using it in my conversation. The consequence was I was often taken for a learned man. I spent much of my time reading the Bible."

Mary Mendenhall Hobbs, than whom no one can paint a truer picture, for it is the home of her ancestors and her own children, tells of the community life of the Friends of North Carolina. While these early settlers probably came from Pennsylvania they were English with an admixture of Welsh and Scotch as the names, common at that time, plainly indicate. They were enticed by the vast forests, abundant streams, fertile soil and delightful climate to settle in central Carolina. The Quaker immigrants settled in Guilford and the surrounding counties. Lord Carteret, the Earl of Granville, deeded them lands. Trees were branded to mark the boundaries.

We can imagine their resourcefulness when we know that these people formed self-sufficient communities. When a neighborhood stood in need of some profession or handicraft, young men were sent to Pennsylvania to acquire the trade and came home to follow the calling and impart their knowledge to others.

Mary Mendenhall Hobbs' grandfather and a great uncle were sent to Chester, Pennsylvania, to learn the trades of the potter and tanner, while their sister was sent to Germantown for education in order that she might come back to North Carolina and conduct a school for young ladies.

Hospitality and simplicity marked their manner of life. The society was intelligent and eager for news from the outside world which seemed far, far away. There were no railroads and the plank roads over which the huge stage coaches lumbered from one large town to another were not built until some time later. Travellers were particularly welcome and a letter from "folks at home" was considered public property by the community after the recipient had read it. There was little money in circulation and such stores as there were carried on their trade on the "cash and barter" system. The women wove cloth of flax and wool. The fleece of the great flocks of sheep were made into stout woolen garments for the winter weather. Every family owned the necessary implements for carding, spinning and weaving. The buzz of the spinning wheels could be heard from every home during the summer and winter evenings.

They also made their own shoes and boots and

hats. The home was a veritable factory. Everything was hand made, wagons, carriages, farming implements and spinning wheels. Every community boasted a cabinet maker. Clocks were made at home. Some of them, even though the works were made of wood, still stand the test of time. Books were scarce and were loaned about until it was difficult to say where any certain one could be found.

During the life time of Nathan Hunt the blight of slavery settled upon the fair land of Carolina. Many families sold out and emigrated west and north in order to live and educate their families on free soil. The account of the awakening of Friends to the iniquity of this traffic and their steady and courageous fight is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Southern Quakerism. They were just as persistent in their fight against alcohol when convinced of its harm though the consequences of the stand they took were often severe. Nathan Hunt was one of the most valiant and outspoken leaders of the anti-slavery movement. In a public meeting on a First Day of North Carolina Yearly Meeting he was heard to say: "I would as soon hear an ass bray as to hear a slave owner preach the Gospel." When Friends took him to task for

using such an expression he said that was what came up and it had to come out.

To return to the more personal narrative of Nathan Hunt:—He was married at the age of twenty to Martha Ruckman. He and his wife continued to live at the old home place near New Garden Meeting house. A few months later his mother died very suddenly. This sorrow, together with a severe illness of his own, deeply impressed him with the serious side of life. He was so sorely sick that no one thought he would recover. His friends were standing around expecting to see him depart: he swooned away, woke up, and from the remarkable impression on his mind told them he should not die then.

He, in spirit, had gone out through Virginia, Philadelphia, New York, and on to the New England States. He was placed then in the centre of a great army by the side of a vast river beyond which he could not see. He, with all his men, were furnished with swords of flames of fire—his, a little longer than the rest (four and a half feet). The handle, all aflame, was wound around his arm and wrist and he was midway of the army one step in advance. Opposing them seemed to be all the world beside, with all the parade and munition of war, glittering and rolling on as though they would overturn every

opposing obstacle. He stepped forward, struck one blow with the sword and all vanished, nothing was left but a plain and the river.

It seemed in traveling through New York and New England afterward that he knew its roads as well as though he had gone over them before.

About this time the Revolutionary War shook the country. He experienced many privations: he was robbed of his horses, his only cow and other property and left almost destitute; all of this he bore with Christian fortitude. When the British soldiers were camped at New Garden and used the Meeting house in which to nurse their smallpox patients, in spite of the opposition and remonstrances of family and friends, Nathan Hunt benevolently ministered to their necessities. In consequence of his exposure he caught the disease, but only had a light attack.

Once upon a time during the war, six Friends on their way from Abbott's Creek to Quarterly Meeting at Cane Creek, called at the Hunt home for dinner, one turn-over apple pie was all that they had. This was divided; each ate his portion; all were satisfied. He was thankful for the privilege of having something to give and continued his unwavering trust in God.

At the age of thirty-one Martha Hunt died leaving six small children, the eldest ten years

of age. Nathan says of her: "Her peace was made, her close was a triumphant one, but I was left to mourn the loss of an amiable and kind companion." The situation was a trying one for the lonely father. In about three years his marriage to Prudence Thornburgh is recorded. Quoting further from the Memoirs: "Prudence was a true helpmate to me, and a tender mother to my children, always giving me up with cheerfulness to attend to my religious engagements, and encouraging me in them, taking charge of my concerns at home and managing them with much ability." He had two children by this union.

Nathan Hunt first appeared in the ministry when he was twenty-seven years of age in a meeting in Tennessee. He says: "The first time I appeared in my own meeting, so great was my brokenness of spirit, that as I walked toward my own home tears fell from my eyes like drops of rain." About eight years later he was recorded as a minister of the Gospel. When he felt called to go to South Carolina and Georgia on an extended religious visit, it was with real distress of mind that the husband and father faced the prolonged absence from his loved ones, until one day, while following the plow, he heard a voice distinctly say to him: "Go, and thou shalt

lack nothing, and they shall be cared for in thy absence." The impression was so convincing that he gave up and felt assured that all would be well. After the necessary certificates releasing him had been issued by his Monthly Meeting, Nathan Hunt, before leaving home, labored day and night to get enough money to defray the expenses of his journey. But the sum earned was by no means sufficient, and he left home relying on the promise that he should lack nothing. He attended many meetings in the two neighboring states to the strengthening of his faith. Returning home he says: "I found my family well and all things comfortable, having the same sum in my pocket I had on leaving home, from which I had been absent about six weeks, travelling about seven hundred miles, thus strengthening my trust and confidence in Him who yet remains to be a covenant-keeping God, for He wonderfully fulfilled the promise made at the plough, 'Go, and thou shalt lack nothing: thou or thine.' "

Two years later, when he felt called upon to go on a religious visit to the Northern and Eastern States, he writes that although his circumstances were very limited and he felt it hard to forsake his wife with her little flock to care for,

yet he set out peacefully on his journey remembering the promise that had been granted.

The following quotation may be of special interest to members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting: "The prospect of this journey altogether, and more especially perhaps my going into Philadelphia, (which I had long considered a great place, famous for men of erudition, while I had but little school education), was, as may be supposed, a very humbling one. But He who put me forth was mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance, which seemed an answer to my constant prayer that this might be the case. So great and wonderful was His assistance, that many hardly could believe I had not a good education." Again he writes his wife from Philadelphia: "Friends are abundantly attentive. My kind friends Thomas and Charity Rotch, observing how weary I was with riding on horseback, kindly furnished me with a new chaise, which is indeed a great accommodation." In North Carolina it was said that Nathan Hunt was the tallest man on horseback in the state.

For the next ten years Nathan Hunt was frequently engaged in the service of his Divine Master, chiefly within the limits of his own Yearly Meeting work. He was often led into the exercising work of family visiting. In 1820

he was liberated by his meeting "to go see how his brethren fared on the other side of the Atlantic." He also visited Indian tribes in New York and Canada.

In 1831 he visited by appointment Baltimore and Virginia Yearly Meetings, also New England and Ohio, also a General Conference of Friends in Philadelphia. He brought home satisfactory testimonials of the unity of Friends among whom he travelled. Wherever Nathan Hunt went on religious service he made many warm friends, and his letters to these as well as those to his wife and children show a strong, affectionate nature and a tender heart.

Note the love breathed through the letters to his wife and children: "Receiving letters from thee (his wife) is like cold flowing water to a thirsty soul." Again: "Dearly beloved, I salute thee in cordial flowings of that love that knows no bounds; incessant are my mental breathings to the Great Spirit that He may guard thee round by day and by night, keep thee in perfect peace and that no evil or danger may come near thee." "Dear Children: Every faculty of my soul is stirred up for you that you may be good. Write to me every week." "I beseech you remember the frequent entreaties of your father, be steady to your business, to your home, and to your learn-

ing, dwell together in love, being exceeding kind and tender to your mother and do nothing without her counsel." Another letter: "My beloved sons Samuel and Nathan: Remember, wise sons make glad fathers but foolish sons are heaviness to their mothers."

In 1829 his second wife died. During all the years of their married life she had nobly done her part caring for the home during her husband's absence (often many months at a time), training the children who grew to be useful men and women. After her death Nathan Hunt gave up their home in Springfield where they had lived for a few years, and went back to live with his son Thomas who occupied the old Hunt home in the New Garden neighborhood.

He loved his grandchildren as well as other children and they loved him devotedly, for he was always kind and gentle to them. His daughter-in-law, Nancy, with whom he lived, used to say that in his advanced age, when he lay down for his accustomed afternoon nap, he seemed to sleep more soundly while the children romped in his room than when they were away, and he would frequently take up her babe and get it to sleep when she was busy.

One little incident especially illustrates his keen interest in children. Daniel Williams of

Indiana related the following to Nathan Hunt's grandson, David: "I remember well the visit thy grandfather made to my father's home when I was a little boy of eight or ten. I stood in the corner near the great fireplace and listened to the conversation between him and my parents. When dinner was announced and we were passing to the table, for kitchen and dining room were all one, as he passed me he laid his hand upon my head and said: 'God bless thee lad. What is thy name, my son?' I told him 'Daniel Williams.' 'Well Daniel,' said he, 'if thou wilt be true and faithful to thy Heavenly Father, thou wilt cross the ocean and stand before Kings and Princes for His name's sake.' "

What of the ministry of this Quaker preacher? In his manner of delivery though very earnest, he was calm and dignified and graceful, using just sufficient gestures to properly emphasize his words.

I quote verbatim the following from Mary Mendenhall Hobbs' excellent Historical Bulletin because it is so exactly what we want to know: "Very much of the preaching of Nathan Hunt was of a practical nature. He was saturated with Scripture truths and could quote texts with marvelous aptitude to drive home the lessons he was giving. While he was ready to de-

fend the doctrine and had a clear penetrating mind in all matters relating to the church, his main effort was exerted to induce people to surrender themselves to Christ and to live holy, upright lives. He took familiar topics and showed how children should obey parents, how parents should train their children; dwelt upon the home life, and how husbands and wives should go in and out before their families; how neighbors and friends should live in brotherly love. He benefited neighborhoods and cured troubles, doing good as a real peacemaker.

“One striking instance is seen in the way he handled the Wilbur separation question in the Yearly Meeting. The Society of Friends had not learned that separations cure no evils but rather engender them. Two epistles came purporting to be from New England Yearly Meeting. Friends from the separating body were present to plead their cause, and they had sympathizers in our own membership and things looked stormy. There were dear, valued Friends on both sides. Tradition is that Nathan Hunt spent the whole night in prayer and earnest exercise, seeking to know what was right to do. When the subject came up next day in response to the Clerk’s question which of the Epistles should be read, Nathan Hunt gave his voice for the one

from the original body and followed in a masterly analysis of the doctrinal points showing that some points in the Epistle had been misinterpreted. The event passed off without any trouble and we were saved a separation at that time and the atmosphere was cleared."

One eccentric old Friend of New Garden meeting always told where the text he quoted was found. Friends thought at home was the proper place for reading. There were few if any Bible Schools in those days, though Nathan Hunt and his wife are said to have conducted one at Springfield.

Nathan Hunt himself wrote to his wife on the occasion of one of his visits to Philadelphia—"We left the city yesterday after one of the most solemn meetings I ever attended in that place. The Gospel flowed through the poor Carolinian trumpet to the admiration of the inhabitants. I never had a greater evidence of being in my right place, and am mercifully preserved in humility." In another letter from Newport, Rhode Island, he wrote to her—"I had a memorable family sitting here with many Friends; a living minister, before we separated, said: 'he had never sat under such a Gospel shower.' With tears of deep humility I mention this for thy encouragement."

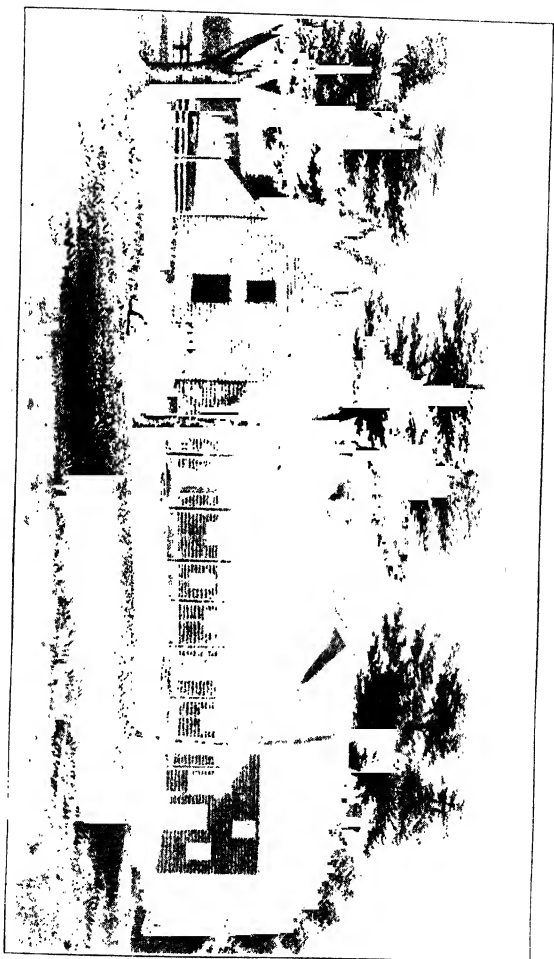
In London, after Yearly Meeting, he had a meeting in Devonshire house for the servants and waiters; even the court fifty by one hundred feet was crowded; all heard and were melted to tears by his tender appeal to them. The servants were so thankful not to be forgotten. Tradition says the pavement of the yard was wet with their tears. He also spoke to the gentry of London in higher circles, with like effect.

In his public ministry he never could say enough of the merciful kindness and guardian care of the Great Creator towards him, though he felt himself to be the most unworthy of men. He was unsparing in his denunciation against wrong, especially unchastity and slavery.

Though Nathan Hunt had few advantages of education, his clear and comprehensive mind, vigorous intellect and sound judgment made him a Christian leader in his own community. He possessed an uncommon share of native eloquence. It was said of him as of the founder of Quakerism, George Fox, his very presence expressed a religious majesty. In speaking of his mystical vision, instances of which are frequently referred to in his letters, I again ask the privilege of quoting from Mary Mendenhall Hobbs' Historical Bulletin:

"He was a psychopath, but with this mystic

sense he possessed an unusually healthy and sane mind, so that in him it never acquired the undue prominence which makes it a dangerous thing for its possessor and renders him an unsafe religious leader. One of the most remarkable experiences of this kind is worthy of a place in any account of him. He had been soliciting funds for the school, and had received the promise from his dear friend, George Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., that in case his whaling vessel, then out three years, came home well laden with oil, he would give one thousand dollars to the school. I will quote the remainder of the story from his grandson, David Hunt, who witnessed the scene: 'One beautiful spring morning I was standing on the old stone step leading to our part of the house when I saw grandfather, with a rake in his hand which he had been using at the barn, coming toward the house. I saw as he came near the house that his countenance showed great excitement. As he came upon the steps he said to my mother, who was standing near the door, 'Well, Nancy, I shall get that draft from George Howland in a few days. I see his ship just at this moment sailing into the harbor at New Bedford and it is well laden.' He seemed so intensely delighted that I at once stepped inside to see and hear. My mother received the news with great



RESIDENCE OF NATHAN HUNT.

pleasure, and going to the shelf close by, took down father's old diary and wrote down the day and hour, 9 o'clock in the morning.

"The mail facilities were not good in those days and it took a long time for a letter to pass the great distance from New Bedford to North Carolina. In about two weeks he got a letter from George Howland, dated at 11 o'clock of the very day mother had noted down, stating that his 'ship had just landed and was laden with 2,700 barrels of oil. I send thee a draft for \$5,000.' My uncle, Nathan, was postmaster and brought the letter to him. It was opened and read on the old piazza where so many interesting circumstances had occurred. For more than two hours he, with my uncle and aunt and father and mother, sat there and talked of the school and its prospects, what had been done and what must be done for it. Finally came the hour for retiring. The old family Bible was brought out, and turning to John XV, he read it slowly and deliberately, once or twice, making some slight comment as to its adaptability to the occasion. He then kneeled down and prayed so earnestly that its benediction rests like an aroma upon my soul today. He prayed for God's blessing to rest upon the two families assembled there that night. He prayed for George and Susan How-

land, that God might, indeed, not only bless them in basket and store, but that when they were done with time below, He would give them an abundant entrance into an everlasting inheritance above. He prayed for the prospective boarding school, that it might wield a powerful influence for good, that the church might be advanced to higher and holier aims in its administration of spiritual truths, and finally, that all mankind might be brought to a saving knowledge of Christ."

Doubtless there were many incidents of divine leading and revelation in the life and service of this Patriarch in Israel which were never recorded. One instance which he told himself is worthy to be related. Once he was about to cross a river in South Carolina in a flat or ferry boat, which was guided by a pole—when the ferryman put in his pole it became entangled in the rocks and was soon jerked from his hands. As the man had neither pole nor oar to guide the flat they were driven down stream with great rapidity, it seemed to destruction, but the river making a turn brought them near the bank so that they could seize the limbs of an overhanging tree by which they stopped the boat. Just beyond their place of rescue a large tree growing horizontally

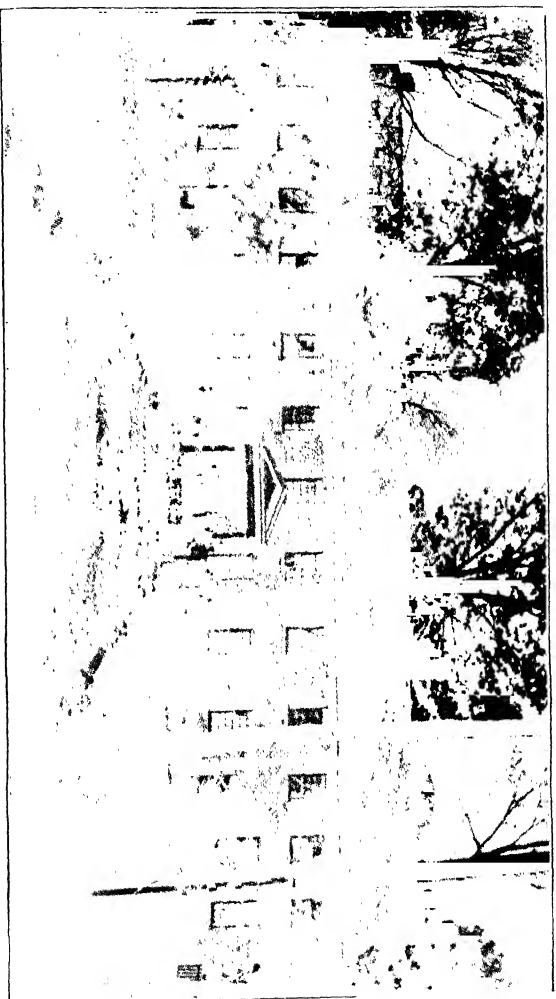
would, in all probability, have swept men and horses overboard.

From the records of North Carolina Yearly Meeting we learn that Nathan Hunt gave freely of his time, his ability and his means to New Garden Boarding School (now Guilford College) from the time of its foundation in 1827. He was the first one named on the Committee, and Dougan and Asenath Clark, Joshua and Abigail Stanley, Thomas and Nancy Hunt (all members of his family) were also on this Committee. From that time on, as long as he lived, he devoted to it his chief labor of love. He raised a considerable sum toward its building and equipment. At first his daughter Asenath, next Abigail, were matrons. He spent much of his time at the school, where he was loved by students and teachers alike. He always used his influence to uphold the hands of those immediately concerned in its domestic management. Hannah R. Osbourne who was a teacher in the Boarding School says of him: "It was while I was an inmate of the Boarding School that I had the privilege of the closest association with Nathan Hunt. So deep was his interest in the institution and so great, earnest and successful his efforts to raise means for its establishment

and support that he could almost be called its father."

Catherine P. Sheppard, a sister of Hannah Osbourne, writes to Mary Mendenhall Hobbs: "I knew Nathan Hunt personally when I was quite a young girl, as a *great* preacher. As his daughter, Abigail H. Stanley, lived near our Meeting house, on his occasional visits to her he was very apt to stay over First Day and attend our meeting. In my childish fancy I considered him a personage of great dignity, one rather to be feared than approached, but in after years, when I had opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him, I ceased to fear him and came to love and respect him as a father. When I was a student in our hallowed institution, he occasionally sat with us in our school room and exhorted us to prize our great privilege by improving every moment of time in diligent study. Once he told us that the sacred Scriptures were his rule of conversation, as he believed them to be correct language, and he knew no other grammar."

We do not wonder that Guilford College reveres the memory of this man who so influenced the policies of the school in its early years. Someday there may be in Guilford a "Nathan Hunt Chair" endowed by his descendants who are



FOUNDERS' HALL, NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL, NORTH CAROLINA. ERECTED 1836-37.

many and by his friends, a goodly number, for the study of Quaker or Religious History.

The quaint tall silk hat which Nathan Hunt wore during the later years of his life is the prized property of the museum at Guilford. Mary Mendenhall Hobbs says these hats were so well made that they lasted and lasted, until they became thoroughly identified with the owner.

It appears that in early life Nathan Hunt was an active business man, in just what line we do not know, only we are told that when the hour for his midweek meeting arrived he always suspended business and went to meeting no matter what customers were on hand. He was probably successful, though not a man with much means. But he never allowed this fact to interfere with his sense of duty in ministering to the needs of his fellowmen. If he felt called of God to go he went, and his affairs always prospered whether he remained at home or travelled in the ministry. He certainly had the wherewithal to entertain his friends and some means to devote to the education of his children.

The various meetings of the Society were looked forward to and arranged for as great social as well as religious events. The homes were exceedingly busy in preparation for days before. Baking, cooking and brewing brought forth

marvels of culinary art under conditions which we would consider very crude. Fruits were dried in those days instead of preserved, sugar was too scarce. One valued member of the New Garden meeting would not go to meeting dinners when invited because he considered such entertainments extravagant feasting that tended to spiritual poverty. Not so our fine old character of this sketch; he loved young people; he loved to be where they were; he was broad minded yet conscientious. He was a true citizen, never neglecting to vote according to his best judgment, and when he once left the Yearly Meeting to vote at the polls, the New England Friends were much surprised, but he told them it was a debt he owed the National Government and he could not neglect to pay it.

The home of Nathan Hunt was a typical Quaker home. As the centre of a large social circle, relatives and friends came when they chose and were welcome to such as the family possessed. Because of the long distances covered their visits were usually extended ones. Visiting Friends, more common in those days, were made unusually welcome.

In the "Reminiscences of Nathan Hunt" the wide piazza is often mentioned. In most homes this was the family sitting room for three-fourths

of the year. Here it was the custom to gather with one's friends for social converse. If the walls of that old house could speak what thrilling tales, what debates over matters deep and perplexing, what saintly wisdom they might impart!

Nathan Hunt was tenderly attached to Joseph John Gurney, Jonathan and Hannah Backhouse and Eliza P. Kirkbride (afterwards Eliza P. Gurney). His letters to his friends are full of loving solicitude and Christian counsel. It was a great trial to these Friends when they learned after Nathan Hunt's decease that there were no journals to publish; they had anticipated that the publication of his diary would be a treasure to all succeeding generations; these had been burned by Mary Sewel, who was an illiterate orphan to whom he had given a home with his family. When cleaning house she mistook them for refuse paper and burned them.

The brief memoir of Nathan Hunt contained in the same volume with that of his father, William Hunt, tells very little of his life at home. It is mostly a record of the meetings he visited in gospel love. The few letters of Nathan Hunt are valuable. However, thanks to those who came immediately under his influence we have preserved in one way and another enough to

convince us that Nathan Hunt was a man who was a religious Prince in his home neighborhood and in his Yearly Meeting. He was regarded by men and women of two generations ago with a veneration given to prophets and seers. They in turn have handed on his memory to their children as one who stood out pre-eminently: as one who was interested in everything that promoted the good of humanity and as one who threw all the powers of mind and body into philanthropic efforts of his time.

I quote from his Memoirs that we may have a mental picture of his personal appearance. "Many will remember the erect and manly form of the aged Christian, his plain drab clothes, dark vest, the striking outline of his noble countenance, his broad and open forehead, shaded with silvery locks—but most of all his courteous demeanor, his simple but polite and graceful manner, and that best ornament—'a meek and quiet spirit' which was indeed so eminently his. In his own hospitable, but humble home, he was the venerated head of his own family, dispensing a sweet influence of peace and joy on all around him.

One little incident illustrates the unusual wisdom and discretion of this aged patriarch. A short time previous to his eightieth birthday he

resigned his seat at the head of his meeting, observing that he felt best satisfied to do so while still in possession of his mental faculties for the ~~time~~ might come when he could not discern the true time for closing the meeting. At the age of ninety-three his spiritual faculties and perceptions were still remarkably clear and he conversed with an unfaltering voice about the things of the Kingdom. His sight was very much impaired during his last years so that he could only read large, clear print a little at a time. He could not see to walk far without a staff in both hands.

His son, Thomas, at this time of his father's life, changed the road so as to go nearly straight from the door of his home to the door of the Meeting house to lessen the distance. A very thoughtful service from a son to an aged and venerated father. His heart was filled with the love of the everlasting gospel in which he could salute as brethren the whole family of man.

In later life there was a striking gravity and dignity about the dear old man, and at times a deep introversion of spirit which seemed to check frivolity and spread a holy quietness on all around him.

His spirit was released in 1853 at the advanced age of ninety-five.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude I owe Mary Mendenhall Hobbs. This little sketch could never have been written without her help and encouragement. I have drawn very largely from the information contained in her very delightful Historical Bulletin, but I have had several letters from her, one enclosing a valuable paper written by her father, Nereus Mendenhall, on Nathan Hunt.

A. G. W.



MOSES BROWN.

MOSES BROWN

1738-1836

For the Honor of Truth.

[Life watchword of Moses Brown, now engraved on the seal of the School that bears his name.]

*The path of the righteous is as the dawning
light that shineth more and more unto the per-
fect day.* PROV. IV : 18.

*He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.*

TENNYSON.

MOSES BROWN

I. A WIDOW'S SON.

THE SUBJECT of this brief sketch, whose life reached so near the century mark, was the son of James and Hope Brown of Providence, Rhode Island, in which city his whole life was spent.

When he first saw the light George the Second of England had been eleven years on the throne. The reigns of the other two Georges followed, and William the Fourth died only one year later than Moses Brown,—so nearly did his long life reach down to the Victorian Age.

At the time of his birth the whole colony of Rhode Island had a population little exceeding 18,000, and his native city was only a country town of some 4,000 people. It had no library till 1754; no Post Office till 1758; no newspaper till 1762; no college till 1770, when Rhode Island College was, temporarily, housed in a two-story building, 30 by 48 ft., and no Free Public School System was established till 1800.

It was an eventful century in which to live, and Moses Brown kept abreast with the march

of improvement, and was active in it almost to the end. He saw his commonwealth pass through a turbulent history, from being a small Colony of the Mother Country till it took its place as a sovereign State in a great Republic.

Moses Brown was a direct descendant of Chad Brown, the close friend and associate of Roger Williams, and the "first Baptist Elder" in Rhode Island.

Though several generations removed from his noted ancestor, his forbears were all loyal Baptists, and he himself remained for the first thirty-five years of his life a member of that denomination.

He was the youngest of "the four famous brothers," as they were familiarly called,—Nicholas, Joseph, John and Moses, or as a servant was wont to say—"Nickie, Josie, Jonnie and Mosie."

Of Moses Brown's boyhood little is known. His father died in 1739, the year following Moses' birth. It appears that he lived with his widowed mother and older brothers until he was thirteen years of age, when he went to live with his father's brother, Obadiah Brown. It was at this time that his school career ended. Obadiah and James had been very close brothers, and thus it was very natural that Obadiah offered to take

into his home a nephew as promising as young Moses appears to have been.

He was practically adopted by his uncle, who had lost his own son, and later shared equally in the inheritance. Young Moses was employed in his uncle's business from the time he went to live in his home until 1760, when, at the age of 22, he was taken into partnership. This lasted until the death of his uncle and senior partner in 1762. The business of the firm was concerned with navigation and the manufacture of spermaceti candles,—a variety in every way superior to those made from tallow. In those old candle-burning days, before the advent of either gas or paraffin or petroleum, such a commodity was likely to be in great demand.

While Moses Brown left school entirely at thirteen years of age, it is probable that his home in Providence afforded him better school facilities than many lads of his day enjoyed.

"The little red school-house" in those days was not an elegant place. During the hard rigorous winters of New England climate the little hearth fire often fought a losing battle against old "jack frost." Special care had to be taken to keep the ink from freezing in the bottles. Usually it was made of some kind of powdered preparation, or perhaps merely soot, in vinegar. The ink bottles

were of leather and the writing-books of large sheets of paper stitched together. The country school-teacher had to be a craftsman as well as teacher, for he was constantly called upon to sharpen the goose-quill pens. The school teachers were of course poorly qualified and even more poorly paid. So wretchedly, indeed, were many of the early school masters paid that they frequently served summonses, acted as court messengers, and even dug graves to eke out their slender incomes. One case is extant of a school-master who took in washing! During Moses Brown's boyhood, education was chiefly for boys. Girls were thought to need little more than the training that they got in the home. Nor was education free as it is in our public school system today. The following are extracts from a New England town report: "December 7, 1719: Vote that we will hier a school master, if we can hier one in the town for this winter till the last of March insuing the Date here of, upon the following conditions, viz; Wrighters to pay four pence a week and Reeders three pence a week and the Rest to be paid by the town." Apparently the tuitions were not intended to cover the entire expense of running the school but were an aid. Five years later the following appears: "November, 1724: Boys from six to twelve years of age

shall pay the schoolmaster whether they go to school or not, four pence a week for Wrighters, and three pence a week for Readers." Probably attendance was quite irregular and the above applied to those who were kept out for a week or more at a time to work; the students must have gone part time, else they could not have been classified as "Wrighters" and "Readers." That the struggle in New England was hard is shown by the following New England town meeting reports:

"1786: Voted not to have schooling this winter. 1787: Voted to raise the sum of £10 and divide it among the five school districts, each district to receive 40s. 1789: No money appropriated for schools on account of building the meeting house. 1790: The building erected on the hill for a pest house was removed into the town street for a school house."

Excepting Boston, Providence was then, as it is today, one of the largest commercial and educational centers in New England. Moses Brown attended school under many of the handicaps named above and yet in his common school education we have reason to believe he was more thoroughly "schooled" than the majority of New England children of his generation.

I have introduced these selections taken from

authoritative sources to show actual conditions as they maintained in New England during the period that covers Moses Brown's youth and early manhood. They could be multiplied many fold.

It is probable that Moses Brown got little more from these schools than the bare elements of an education, but the spirit that was in him was not to be satisfied with these, for there is every evidence that the love of learning woke early in him, and grew keener and brighter as the years advanced. So successful had he proved in business life, and his judgment had been found so reliable, that he was admitted into partnership with his uncle at 22. At the age of thirty we find him a member of the town's committee to prepare an ordinance for the building, supporting and governing of a school, a house for which was to be built for the town.

The committee made a long and careful report, but it was rejected, and the plan as originally projected fell through.

But a record of this "report" is still extant, and at its close has a note appended by Moses Brown, which is so illuminating as to the state of public opinion in that day concerning free public schools, and furthermore reveals so clearly the ideas and discerning spirit of Moses Brown

himself that it seems worth while to give it here in full.

"1788—This report was laid before the town by the committee, but a number of the inhabitants (and what is more surprising and remarkable, the plan of a Free School, supported by a tax, was rejected by the Poorer Sort of the people) being strangely led away not to see their own as well as the public interest therein, (by a few objectors at first) either because they were not projectors, or had not public spirit to execute so laudable a design, and which was first voted by the town with great freedom.—M. B."

Do we not see in this early utterance of our friend a foregleam of that unquenchable interest in human betterment that held him true for the remainder of his long life?

II. LIFE AT ELM GROVE FARM.

FOLLOWING the death of his uncle Obadiah, Moses Brown with his three brothers ran a very successful mercantile business in Providence. This continued for ten years, until 1773, when he retired from active business, having early accumulated a goodly fortune from this and from his uncle Obadiah's estate.

But there were other and more compelling reasons that influenced Moses Brown in leaving

a thriving trade that demanded prompt attendance with close and constant thought. One of these was a physical ailment, a fearful vertigo, that handicapped all his later life, and the approach of which, we may ~~believe~~, was already felt.

In 1764, the year after the partnership with his brothers was formed, he was married to his cousin, Anna Brown, daughter of the uncle in whose home he had passed so many years. He was then 26, and with his bride appears to have lived for a time a few miles out from the center of the town. Three children were born to this union, Sarah and Obadiah, who grew to maturity, and Anna, who died in infancy.

His first great sorrow came in 1773, in the death of his dear companion, "a wife of youth," and he now found himself facing life, a widower with two young children.

This close trial, together with the shadow of his ailment deepening upon him, seems to have wrought a profound change in the spiritual attitude of this energetic young man, which led to important results. Religious convictions deepened. The higher meanings of life broke in on his mental vision and turned his thoughts to nobler pursuits than selling merchandise, entangled as the business then was with moral

problems that disturbed his conscience. The outcome of it was that about this time he resigned his membership and position as secretary in a lodge of Freemasons,—sold out his share in business, freed his ~~slaves~~ and joined the Society of Friends. This last step is quite surprising when we recall the fact that it meant breaking off from the religious fellowship with which his family for many generations had been identified.

There is evidence that the stand which the Quakers had taken against African slavery, intemperance, and other moral issues, as well as their more quiet and contemplative forms of worship, appealed strongly to his own changed convictions, and, having once taken this step, he threw himself and his interests into the Society with the same zeal that characterized all his undertakings. The “plainness of speech, behavior and apparel,” on which so much stress was laid in those days by the Friends, became matters of conviction with him. But they did not blind his eyes to the dire need he found in the Society of his choice for a broader outlook on many problems, and especially that of education, which, strange to say, many of the Fellowship then viewed with distrust. To remedy this defect he found a hard field to plow, but he never looked back through the succeeding decades, till he saw

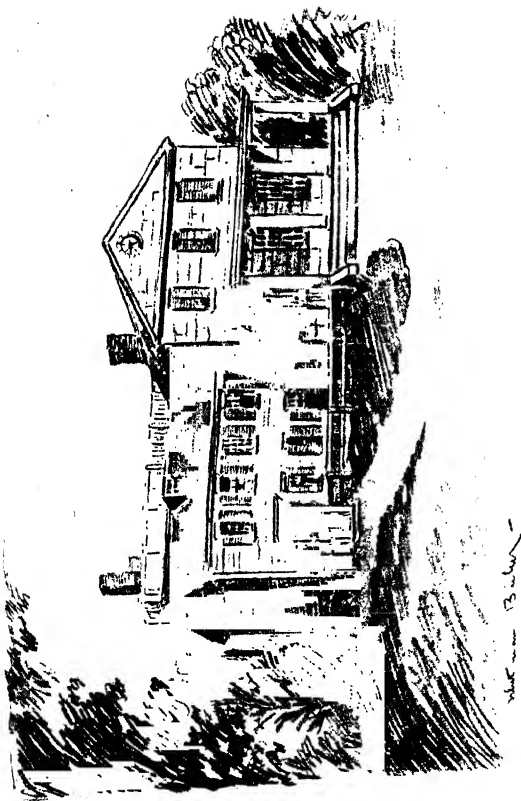
the object of his efforts measurably accomplished.

A few years previous to his wife's decease, Moses Brown had purchased the "Elm Grove Farm," near what is now known as Red Bridge. The purchase was made from the executor of the will of one, John Meritt, who was a wealthy and aristocratic Englishman, who had the distinction of owning one of the first coaches in Providence. Moses Brown paid the sum of six thousand dollars for this estate, from which he built the first bridge across the Seekonk River, not far from the point where Roger Williams had first crossed it on his exile from Massachusetts.

It was here at Elm Grove Farm that he spent the remaining sixty-six years of his life. This ample mansion in the midst of its broad acres was the hospitable center whence radiated all those beneficent activities and enlightened efforts that characterized this remarkable man.

His hands now released from the incessant pressure of business cares, he felt free to turn his attention to those intellectual pursuits more congenial to his changed views of life, and which would fit him to carry out the plans for social betterment that were maturing in his mind.

Along scientific lines his alert mind found congenial employment. Physics, chemistry and



ELM GROVE FARM.

(The Home of Moses Brown. It was destroyed by fire in 1865. It stood near the corner of Humboldt and Wayland Avenues.)

astronomy all came in for a share of his attention. He had extensive physical apparatus and materials for chemical experiments always at hand. He sought in every way to put to practical use the knowledge thus gained. He had the top of his hat and of his carriage covered with white material to lessen the effect of the scorching summer sun during his long journeys about the country, incident to his frequent attendance of the widely-separated meetings of Friends.

The home at Elm Grove Farm was ever the abode of a deep, sincere, spiritual life, that seemed to center itself on the two great commandments, love to God and love to man. This was the soil out of which grew and ripened those "Fruits of the Spirit" that so adorned all his later life.

Moses Brown was no ascetic. He thankfully received and used every reasonable creaturely comfort. Four meals a day, the year round, was the rule at Elm Grove. Breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at one, tea at five or six, and supper at nine, and to bed at ten o'clock. He was a moderate eater, and selected his food more with regard to health than to appetite. He was very hospitable; he often had twenty or thirty guests at a time to lodge at his house. It was full indeed, sometimes to overflowing. It is related that

on one occasion, finding himself perplexed to furnish beds for his guests, he entered the room and said, "Friends, we shall have to make Shaking Quakers of you, and separate the men from the women, to give you all beds."

The hospitality of Elm Grove Farm to all Friends, and especially to friends of the Friends School, seems to have been proverbial. The following extracts are taken from some letters written by two young lady assistants in the school during its first year at Providence. These ladies had left the island of Nantucket in a small sloop on Twelfth month 30th, 1818, going to Providence by way of New Bedford. They were accompanied by three students and arrived, after one day's sail to New Bedford and one day's ride by stage, late in the evening at Moses Brown's door. They write: "Our driver was not acquainted with the road, we had been detained by his repeated calls at houses to inquire the way, our horses were tired, and we all longed, when we stopped at Moses Brown's door, to sojourn with him for the night. Robert Brayton (a friend who accompanied them) alighted and rapped. We could not hear what he stated, but our aged friend came out and said: 'Wouldn't the young women better alight, I should be glad to have them stay the night with us.'

"Tired and dispirited as we were he seemed like a good old patriarch to us, and we promptly accepted his kind invitation. He asked us to call for whatever we wanted freely as we would at home. 'A cup of tea,' we said, 'would be refreshing'; and good it was too; and quickly prepared by two young granddaughters."

The following incident characteristically shows the good Samaritan attitude of Moses Brown. "Our Monthly Meeting at Smithfield— . . . on our return called at M. Brown's & found D. Johnson, the companion of A. Keene very much injur'd by a fall from the carriage on his way here, in consequence of which remains a prisoner at the mansion of our kind friend M. B."

In like manner Betsey Purrington tells of a party of Friends who had been on an embassy to Ohio and who were caught in a snow blizzard on their return and had stopped at the home of Moses Brown where they stayed for several days, until the roads were again passable. Prominent visitors from other Yearly Meetings to New England Yearly Meeting or to New England Yearly Meeting Boarding School invariably made Moses Brown's home their headquarters. The Boarding School which now bears his name was dearest to his heart of all his interests. To it he had devoted the efforts of a lifetime. To

it he had given 43 acres of his Elm Grove farm for a campus. It was therefore natural that his home should become a "second home" to the teachers and students of the school.

While he observed moderation in his expenditures, his frugality never interfered with his neighborliness. Mary Mitchell Underhill tells us of a number of instances which illustrate his generosity. She speaks of an easy chair and a silver porringer being sent to one of her associates at the Boarding School by Moses Brown, and adds that his inquiries are usually accompanied by a small package containing a piece of liquorice or some quince drops carefully labeled, a few cakes, some herbs or drops compounded by himself from his medicine chest. Harvey Kent, the toll keeper of Moses Brown's "Red Bridge," states that Moses Brown always had the best of understanding with his neighbors and employees. He relates how the fishermen in the neighborhood used to bring fish and securely suspend them at the kitchen door of the Elm Grove home after a night of fishing so that the master of the house could have fresh fish to garnish his breakfast table. They also took many other means of showing their appreciation of the efforts he put forth to promote their interests. On one occasion some neighbors, thinking to do him a favor, came and

told him that for some nights past several fishermen had been cutting from his wood and maintaining a fire for their comfort at his expense. Upon hearing this he expressed much satisfaction as he said his sleep had been interrupted the night before by a fear that they might suffer from the severity of the weather. Stories are also told of how he would help those who were in distress financially. One widow with a number of small children came to the place where she had to sell their little home in order to support her family. Moses Brown heard of the condition and aided in every way possible. He succeeded in securing a contract by which the home could again be redeemed if the money were raised within several years. Within the time another small piece of property so increased in value that the redemption of the coveted property was completed.

Moses Brown read extensively, especially in the field of Quaker literature. His library contained an unusually large and valuable collection of early Friends' writings. His memory was well stored with the facts of Friends' history. While he was never intellectually brilliant, few men have maintained for so long a time such an intellectual vigor as he. Clarkson Macomber, a student at the Boarding School, records in his

diary for Ninth Month 23rd, 1834: "Father and I went to see Moses Brown in the evening; he is 95 years old. We found him cheerful and sociable. He inquired respecting my studies." Samuel Austin writes of a town meeting in which the discussion of licensing saloons to run on the Sabbath ran very high. The meeting lasted three hours. There was much debate. After fourteen others had spoken Moses Brown arose to speak. Samuel Austin writes: "The remarks of this highly respected citizen, now in his 92d year, exhibited great vigor of intellect, and his appeal to his fellow citizens in behalf of the cause of Temperance was listened to with profound attention."

Moses Brown had his full share of bereavement in his home life. As already stated, three times he was married and three times he had his companion taken from him by death. For the last 28 years of his life he remained single. Both of his children died before himself. The following letter, written after the death of his first wife, reveals the inner spirit of the man and shows with what Christian resignation and fortitude he bore the departure of those most dear to him: "She went to sleep and I have no doubt in the favor of her dear Lord and Savior, for she was greatly favored with his sweet (consoling) pres-

ence through a lingering disorder and by His adorable goodness and mercy was brought to see the vanity of this life with its most captivating enjoyments as nothing in comparison with inward and spiritual comforts: which as she expressed in her last hours, are better than a thousand worlds. Indeed the goodness of our Heavenly Father to her as well as to myself has been such as cannot be expressed. May a grateful sense thereof continue."

III. MOSES BROWN, THE QUAKER.

BORN AND BRED in a thoroughly Baptist environment, it was not until he was thirty-six that he joined the Friends. It was his sympathy with the stand which Friends took against slavery that unquestionably turned his attention toward the Quaker ranks. In the early eighteenth century slave holding was common in New England as well as in the South. Indeed it was through the New England slave traders that Negroes were brought to this country and poured into the South. Moses Brown himself was in early life the owner of slaves. However, he grew more and more to see the evil in it, and to question his moral right to deal with any human beings as property. The final decision which he reached was undoubtedly hastened by the death of his

first wife in 1773. Returning from the grave of his departed companion he says: "I saw my slaves with my spiritual eyes as plainly as I see you now, and it was given me as clearly to understand that the sacrifice that was called for at my hand was to give them their liberty." On the 10th day of Eleventh month he made the deed of manumission, giving liberty to ten slaves. So well had he treated them that several continued for a long period to work for wages at Elm Grove Farm. Although he did not join the Society of Friends until the following year his admonition to the colored folk whom he sets free is peculiarly Friendly: "Be watchful and attentive to that Divine teaching in your own minds, that convinces you of sin, and as you dutifully obey its enlightenments and teachings, it will not only cause you to avoid open sin, but will teach and lead you into all that is necessary for you to know as your duty to the Great Master of all men, for He says, 'I will write it in their hearts, and they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest.' "

We learn from Amelia Mott Gummere's exhaustive study of John Woolman's life and work, that Thomas Hazard of South Kingston, R. I., "was powerfully aided" by Moses Brown in his earnest efforts to get through the State Legis-

lature an act prohibiting altogether the trade in slaves, in which that state was taking a leading part.

John Woolman and Thomas Hazard were of the same age (born 1720) and became close friends. Woolman was a guest under his roof in 1760. Hazard had freed his own slaves in 1743, when only 23 years of age, so early in life did this young man become obedient to his convictions of duty.

It is a matter of much interest to find in the mutual intimacy between Thomas Hazard and John Woolman on the one hand and Moses Brown on the other the connecting link between Brown and Woolman, whose lives were so different in many ways and yet so much alike in their advocacy of all good causes, of antislavery, temperance, education, relief of the poor and suffering, of plain living and high thinking.

Since Woolman died in 1772 it is doubtful if they ever corresponded, but Moses Brown certainly became an heir to that inheritance which the Quaker saint of Mt. Holly bequeathed to his spiritual posterity in the gentle yet powerful influence which his visit to the Yearly Meeting in Newport, 1760, left behind, a visit undertaken in deep humility and self distrust, but under a weighty impression of a Divine Call.

Augustine Jones in his sketch of Moses Brown says: "The religious change from Baptist opinions and teachings to the views of Friends which he experienced, has been often the subject of comment. He himself related that his first religious interest was awakened in a frightful storm on the bay, when he seemed to stand in the very presence of death. But the loss of his first wife, the liberation of his slaves, and the sympathy received by him from the Society of Friends in this act of justice, his studies, and the natural constitution of his mind, which was of a deeply contemplative nature, all contributed to direct him to that field where his eminent Christian course of usefulness and true nobility of soul were to be most intimately known and felt."

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that for more than half a century Moses Brown was the leading figure in New England Yearly Meetings. The sagacity, sincerity and sanctified common sense, which as we shall see later had already brought him influence in civic life, would make him of great value to the Society. He was true to his Quaker convictions, not only in regard to slavery, but also in regard to war, it was soon after his adoption into the Society that he was to take his stand. In 1775, one year after he had

joined, he, with his committee of Friends, ministered to the need of 3030 families, consisting of 6923 persons who were stricken by war. In addition to donations in New England, Friends of Philadelphia furnished for this purpose \$12,700. These Friends followed the coast from New Hampshire to Newport giving aid to non-combatant women and children.

We have already spoken of the vigorous way in which Moses Brown made his influence felt on the question of temperance. Three years after he joined Friends he went out one day where his laborers were working to request them not to ask him any more for liquor to drink in the field. He offered extra pay to those who would abstain. The agreement was made and never again did he offer intoxicants to any whom he employed. He found to his great satisfaction that his work was done better, sooner and in a more orderly manner than before.

Among the voluminous papers of our Friend are several regarding the imprisonment of Quakers for non-participation in war. He writes to John Hancock in 1778: "Esteemed Friend: Being informed your House received and granted the Petition to which I was a Signer and General Washington desired to dismiss the Friend from the Army, but the Urgency of Publick Affairs,

when the State was threatened with an Invasion, made it Necessary to drop or postpone the matter; I have to ask the favor of General Hancock to promote the forwarding our „Petition. . . . I shall Esteem it an Additional Instance of the Regard & Indulgence you have shown to persons of Tender Conscience, which hath been Transmitted beyond the Atlantick, and shall be Transmitted to Posterity, where thy Name will appear Illustrious.” In another letter he states his position on the question of war: “My Religious Principles thou art I presume sensible do not admit of my Interfering in War, but my Love for my Country, and Sense of our Just Rights is not thereby Abated, and if my poor Abilitys could be any way Subservient to a happy Change of Affairs nothing on my part Shall be wanting.”

Other testimonies of Friends too, Moses Brown upheld. One of these is in regard to water baptism. It happened that an attack was made on Friends by Samuel Sheppard, a member of the denomination of Moses Brown’s earlier life. Moses Brown upholds the Friends’ position against this attack in a letter entitled “Observations on Samuel Sheppard’s Three Letters on Baptism.” After giving arguments for the Friends’ viewpoint he shows his Christian spirit, as well as his diplomatic skill in closing: “I

cannot suppose, from my acquaintance with many leading characters in the Baptist Society, that they will consider Sheppard's attack upon us in the triumphant light in which he seems to himself."

There was one particular in which Moses Brown was criticised by some contemporary Friends and that was his lack of asceticism and plainness in outward habits. Although he observed moderation in all things he did not carry Puritanism to an extreme. Stephen Gould, speaking of Moses Brown's home, says: "The part of the house at the right hand before which is a piazza is more modern & elegantly built by an Englishman by the name of Merett, who was the former owner, of whose heirs Moses purchased the establishment; the room below in this part is spacious and what perhaps in England might be called elegant or grand, being finished according to strict Corinthian order. For a long time after he purchased it, the appearance of this part of the house both the interior & exterior, was a burden to his mind; at one time a number of pretty zealous Friends were at his house & found some fault with its appearance, among whom was Warner Mifflin. Moses heard their observations patiently and after they had got through he deliberately took his penknife

from his pocket & handed it to Warner, telling him to cut off & mar what ever he was dissatisfied with, this was done and his mutilations remain unaltered to this day, a memorial of his zeal for the testimonies given us to bear. Moses frequently relates this circumstance pleasantly."

One has only to go through the Minutes of New England Yearly Meeting to realize the influence that Moses Brown had in it. For over a half century his name frequently appeared on the most important committees of the Yearly Meeting. In nothing however did he contribute more than to education. This deserves attention in another section.

IV. DEVELOPMENT OF EDUCATION IN NEW ENGLAND YEARLY MEETING.

JOHN STANTON GOULD, in an oration on "The Quaker Idea of Education" says: "The first notice that I find upon the records of Rhode Island Monthly Meeting bears date 24th of Twelfth Month, 1690, and is as follows: 'Upon request and desire of Christian Lodowick to have the use of the Meeting house in Newport for keeping a school, Friends, upon consideration and desire to his good do grant it, and also are willing to give him what encouragement they can.' " The following minute bears date 27th of Second

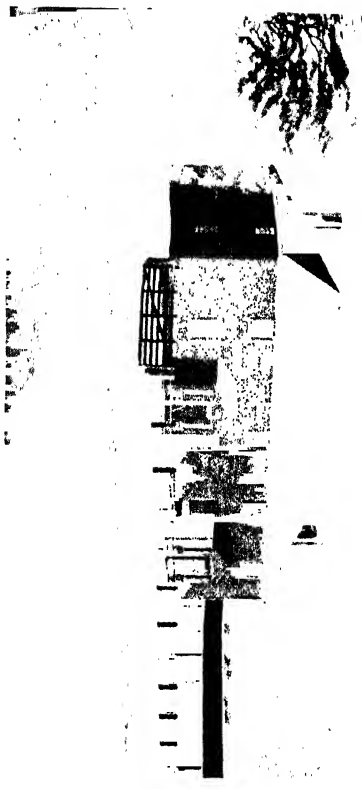
Month, 1703: "Abraham Anthony is desired to enquire after a schoolmaster, and endeavor to get one here." The next month the following minute is recorded: "John Warner, a friendly man and a stranger, coming from North Carolina, presented a certificate from their Quarterly Meeting, and proposed to be employed as a schoolmaster; this meeting hath appointed Abraham Anthony and John Easton, Jr. to assist him, and procure what scholars they can for his encouragement, and yt he first begin to keep school at Portsmouth meeting house, or else where Abraham Anthony and John Easton shall, with advice, think necessary and most convenient." Richard Evans, in 1727, gave £5. to a Friends' school house, and in the event of the death of Joseph Peckham, his grandson, his whole property was to be given to that school house. This shows at least that a regular school was maintained at that early day, though little is known of its history.

With this slight glimpse into the moderate beginnings of Friendly education in New England we come to a period where its story is the story of the achievements of one man of far vision, high ideal and indomitable spirit. Augustine Jones on page 22 of his Sketch says of him, "He was next on a committee of the

Society of Friends, in April, 1777, to draw a plan for free schools in the Society, which was carried out, and Moses Brown was placed on the first school committee in northern Rhode Island."

The first move toward a school for higher education among Friends came largely as a result of a minute made in the year 1779 which instructed the Monthly Meetings to report in detail regarding the state of education within their respective limits. The responses, received at the ensuing Yearly Meeting, so clearly indicated the necessity for farther provision for the education of the youth of the Society, that it was resolved to attempt the establishment of a school for that purpose; and with that object in view the several Quarterly and Monthly Meetings were recommended to promote free, liberal and voluntary subscriptions, donations, bequests and devises, adequate to the design and importance of the subject. Moses Brown at once gave £115 to this fund. Two years later the Meeting for Sufferings issued a powerful appeal of nineteen printed pages from the pen of Moses Brown in behalf of higher Friendly education, in which those words of George Fox were quoted, desiring that Friends' children should be instructed in "whatsoever things were civil and useful in creation."

This appeal was liberally responded to, al-



PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.
(In an upper room of this building the School was first opened in 1784.)

though there was economic depression in the country, and funds accumulated from year to year. Rhode Island Monthly Meeting contributed freely of its resources and in Eleventh Month, 1784, the school was opened at Portsmouth under the direction of Isaac Lawton, a minister, poet and educator. This school was continued for four years when it was laid down for lack of sufficient funds. Moses Brown was treasurer and the principal remaining was placed by him on interest and members of the Society were urged to increase it as they were financially able to do so.

This "vacation for one year or longer" turned out to be a thirty-one years' recess. Of this period Rayner W. Kelsey says in his Centennial History of Moses Brown School: "The story of that interregnum is a tragedy of heart-breaking disappointments. It is the ancient tale of a Heaven-commissioned Moses, seeking to lead a stiff-necked and rebellious people out of their bondage into a promised land. And as ever there were seas and floods, mountains and deserts, beasts and giants to bar the way. Indifference and opposition, poor business and failing harvests, embargo on sea traffic and war on land,—these were some of the barriers that blocked the path.

“The thing most essential to the reopening of the Yearly Meeting school was the husbanding of the limited resources that had been gathered with much labor into the School’ Fund. This the Treasurer, Moses Brown, set himself to do with miser care. The thing he needed most and received least was cooperation.”

The re-opening of the school was frequently urged at Yearly Meeting by Moses Brown, David Buffum, and Elisha Thornton, and in 1812 Moses Brown made so strong an appeal that the Yearly Meeting again recommended subscriptions. Two years later the situation became quite hopeful.

It was at this time that Moses Brown donated to the Yearly Meeting the site on which the school now stands. His letter to the Meeting for Sufferings follows: “Dear friends: As my feeble state of health prevents my attending the meeting at this time, I thought best to inform you, that in the course of my confinement by bodily indisposition for some time past, the subject of the Yearly Meeting’s school has been renewedly brought under my consideration, and believing that a permanent institution for a guarded education of the rising generation will be promotive of their usefulness in society and the honor of Truth, I have for the furtherance of these desirable objects concluded to give a

tract of land on the west part of my homestead farm, containing about forty-three acres, for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings for the Boarding School thereon; Provided the Meeting should consider it an eligible situation, and conclude to carry into effect the establishment of the benevolent institution thereon. If the Meeting should appoint a Committee to view the ground, consider the proposal and report their prospect to the next Meeting for Sufferings, which may be more generally attended, they can then act upon it, as it shall appear to them best. You will however dispose of the proposal in this or any other way that appears to you best.

“As treasurer of the School Fund, I may for your information mention that its present amount is about Nine thousand three hundred dollars. With desires that this important subject may be considered and proceeded in conformably to the mind of truth that we may hope for its blessing,

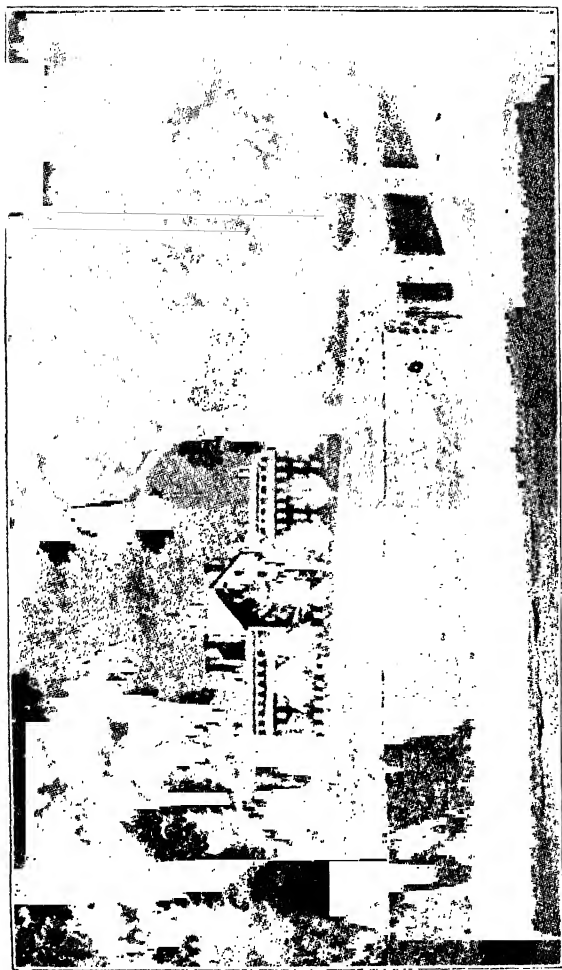
I conclude, your affectionate friend, Moses Brown.”

This site was on the crown of a hill overlooking Providence and the quiet waters of Narragansett Bay. Nearly fifty years before, a similar site had been chosen nearer the “built-up” part of the city, for “Rhode Island College,” now

Brown University. The land was very valuable even in that day, the 43 acres being appraised, at \$200. an acre.

Subscriptions were now recommended with a new earnestness and the returns were so encouraging that it was concluded Sixth Month, 1815 "that the time has come when it will be best to proceed in making provision for erecting buildings for the necessary accommodation of the Boarding School, on the lot proposed to be given by our Friend Moses Brown." However again it seemed that fate was against them, for late in 1815 a fearful storm swept over Rhode Island. Great damage was done all over New England, and nowhere was it more severe than in the vicinity of Providence. Labor and building materials were in such demand that the building program was postponed.

The exponents of the school would not accept defeat and the following year renewed their activities. Rayner W. Kelsey relates vividly: "Early in 1816 a special committee, of which Moses Brown was a member, was appointed to view the property and select a location for the proposed building. No spur to the imagination is needed to picture that aged champion leading forth his colleagues, now here now there, to find the perfect place to raise the walls so long pro-



FRONT VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING, MOSES BROWN SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.
(The central portion is the original building. More than once altered to meet new demands.)

jected by his prophetic fancy. The spot determined, materials were gathered and throughout the summer and fall of 1816 woodsmen and graders, masons and carpenters plied their tools upon the task. Tales were later told of how people of the neighborhood came to watch with eager interest the progress of the work. A niece long resident in the home of Obadiah Brown recalled her happy after-dinner journeys in her uncle's chaise as he went daily to inspect the building."

The outside of the building had been almost completed when that thing which is very common in public building operations occurred—the funds ran short. The cost was greater than had been calculated, and again the work was checked. Through the generous donations of William Almy and Obadiah Brown (son of Moses Brown) and the special effort of other Friends of the Yearly Meeting the extra funds were secured and the work was continued. To the Yearly Meeting of 1818 came the good news that it was nearing completion. It was decided to start the school the following winter and immediately the task of securing teachers was undertaken. The School opened its doors the first day of the year, 1819.

For the remaining 17 years of Moses Brown's long life the New England Yearly Meeting

Boarding School, located on a part of his own farm, was his constant care. During this period his was the guiding spirit. His home was always open to the "caretakers" and students of the school. It was his joy to become intimately acquainted with all on its campus. Almost daily he would visit it on some major or minor errand or concern. It was his habit to attend the First-day and mid-week religious meetings at the school. Often he would speak, and in and out of meetings he would give salutary counsel among the boys. It was largely through his influence and renown that many of the important speakers and visitors were brought to the school. Always they would make their headquarters at Elm Grove Farm home. Early manuscripts of those in contact with the school are rich with accounts of the visits of noted Friends "brought to the School by the venerable Moses Brown." It was one of his rewards and delights to escort these Friends through the school.

From the beginning until the Yearly Meeting of 1836, three months before his death, Moses Brown was the Treasurer of the institution. The largest single bequest to that school, or to any school in America up to that time was the \$100,000 left by Obadiah Brown, his son, who died fourteen years before his aged father.

John Stanton Gould, in an oration before the Alumni Association of the School in 1862, speaking of the establishment and perpetuation of that institution says: "To Moses Brown, more than to any other man, must be awarded the honors of a pioneer in this great enterprise. His name awakens grateful recollections in the minds of all who remember him, for his active and efficient philanthropy, but in an especial manner is every alumnus called upon to hold his memory in veneration."

V. MOSES BROWN THE CITIZEN.

"THE HELPFUL service of this remarkable man appears everywhere in the history of his native city during his long life. He was one of the founders of the Providence Athenaeum library; he held share No. 1 in that corporation. He was a founder of a Society for the Promotion of Agriculture in Rhode Island. He was a founder of the Rhode Island Bible Society, an institution of growing influence. He was a founder of the Rhode Island Peace Society. He was also a founder of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and presided at its organization, and at the meeting which adopted the charter. We have already mentioned that he was a founder of the Abolition Society, the mission of which has fortunately

passed away. He was a charter member of several of these institutions, and if we add his connection with the College and the Friends School, we have a worthy exhibition of his quickening and vitalizing influence in this community. The historical service rendered by him was not, however, limited to the Historical Society. If you would study the early commerce and shipping of the port of Providence, the most trustworthy original document, is a letter of Moses Brown. If you are interested in the great storm which, in the year 1815, nearly submerged Providence, the best account of it is in a letter of Moses Brown. If you wish to study the history of the University, or other institutions in Providence, or the character and achievements of his distinguished contemporaries for almost a century, the reliable side-light on the subject is everywhere found in a letter from Moses Brown."

As one reads a paragraph like the above from Augustine Jones one wonders if Roger Williams himself could have been more essential to the growth of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

When only twenty years of age Moses Brown, as we have seen, became secretary of the Freemasons' lodge which he had joined. For eleven years he remained in this capacity. He gained

the reputation there as elsewhere for being on time. They could count on "Moses Brown being at the meeting on the hour." Several years before he joined the Society of Friends he came to look upon secret orders as wrong and severed his connection with them.

When only twenty-two he was authorized by the city to conduct a lottery for the securing of \$30,000 with which to pave the streets of the city. It indicates a change of customs and conscience that even churches at that time used that method of raising money. The fact that he was at that early age director of the lottery shows that he was to be a man of public trust.

His greatest business enterprise, however, was yet to be attempted. Although his son was to be the partner in the firm, and to receive the major financial returns, it can be truly said that Moses Brown was the foster-father of the cotton industry of New England. It was his invitation that brought Samuel Slater from New York to Rhode Island with the famous Arkwright invention in his brain, which was to revolutionize the textile industry. By means of the Arkwright machinery the cotton could be spun so that it could be used for the warps instead of linen. Though there were many impostors in this country who claimed to be able to reproduce the

Arkwright machinery, Moses Brown had insight enough into character and faith enough in Samuel Slater to "see him through." Although the Wilkinsons were chosen as blacksmiths, Moses Brown himself worked constantly with them and was ever giving practical suggestions through the tedious discouraging struggles involved in setting up such machinery. The enterprise was backed financially entirely by our friend of this sketch. Augustine Jones says "Moses Brown, without any aid from the state, nation, or other persons, carried through and developed, as far as capital was concerned, this art of manufacture, to the great honor and benefit of Rhode Island an achievement which both the states of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts sought in vain to accomplish with public bounty."

After starting the industry the active management was left to Samuel Slater, William Almy, the son-in-law, and Obadiah, the son of Moses Brown. The first textile firm consisted of these three men.

In 1769 Moses Brown with the assistance of Stephen Hopkins and Joseph Brown observed the transit of Venus. Joseph Brown spent \$500. on the observation. The street in Providence on which the observation was made is now named Transit Street. The observation was made so

accurately that its findings have since been used by the United States Coast Survey working with their more modern and expensive instruments.

Although Moses Brown's monumental work was in the field of Friendly education he was by no means an unknown figure in educational circles outside his own Society. In 1767 he and three others were appointed by the town of Providence to draft an ordinance for free schools. Higginson says the report of this committee was the first attempt to carry out the free school idea. If so, it is an historically important document.

Moses Brown was not a charter member of the ~~Rhode~~ Rhode Island College, later named Brown University, it is said that the reason was because he was a member of the General Assembly that granted its Charter. Brown University was named for Moses Brown's nephew, Nicholas. When it was proposed to move the college from its first home in Warren, Moses Brown and Stephen Hopkins were instrumental in bringing it to Providence. Moses Brown gave a donation of \$1000 and later some books, to the University.

For seven years he was a member of the Rhode Island General Assembly—1764-1771. As such he wielded a powerful influence in the affairs of state and nation. He was prominent in 1769 in the attempt to have the northern line of Rhode

Island straightened giving that state one-fifth more area. The proposition was finally lost to Massachusetts.

During the Revolutionary period he was, though a pacifist, favorable to the American cause. In 1770, because of the anti-tea agitation, he quit drinking tea and remained an abstainer for the rest of his life. Later on he used his strong influence toward the ratification of the Constitution of the United States.

VI. MOSES BROWN—THE MAN.

IT HAS BEEN the grave misfortune of many to have lived too long. How often do we hear it said "He outlived his period of usefulness." It is not an insignificant matter to have lived for almost a century and to have stood the test of exposure to the scrutinizing eyes of men for so long a time and still be venerated as a true and noble character.

Moses Brown was such a man. He lived his entire lifetime in one community. For almost three generations he was the sage, patriarch and peacemaker of his neighborhood. If any had a quarrel or perplexity his counsel was sought. His correspondence is contained in eighteen large bound volumes in the archives of the Rhode Island Historical Society. They show how

heavily burdened the writer was with the troubles of others throughout his life. Constantly people were trustfully sharing their problems with this kind-hearted, friendly man.

In personal life he was retiring. A letter written by his daughter-in-law thirteen years before his death tells of a portrait of him which "was obtained without his knowledge or suspicion." She says "An acquaintance of mine took a young man there who has a little skill, and while he was engaged in conversation—and probably reading to prolong the time, sketched the outlines and afterwards saw him twice; it is a pretty good representation, but not perfect; his manner of sitting is natural but the countenance is not exactly so; it would not be compatible with the feelings of my honored father to have this done—but I think it admissible to have something of a resemblance of the outward form or appearance of those we love when their bodies may be mouldering in the dust."

Moses Brown in many respects resembled that sage-statesman-scientist, Benjamin Franklin. The latter compiled his Poor Richards' Almanac—the former was adviser to neighbors, friends and educational leaders. The one sat in the sessions of the American Congress—the other was a member of the Rhode Island General Assembly.

Benjamin Franklin trapped the lightning with his kite—Moses Brown assisted in observing and recording with surprising accuracy the transit of Venus. Both were statesmen, both scientists, both educators in the truest sense.

Just seventeen days before his ninety-eighth birthday his work was finished. Ninety-eight years of service, friendly, joyous service. He was active, and interested in all about him to the last. Just five weeks before his death he met on a sub-committee of the School Committee. Only three months before his death he had resigned as Treasurer—a post which he had held since the beginning, a half-century before. His indeed was a ripe old age; slowly and soundly ripened by a life of service and an unfaltering trust in the Divine Presence.

“I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman’s tears fell fast, and children
wailed aloud.



“And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time
to die.”

